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THE CONFERENCE.

IT is a position not perhaps entirely unexampled, but certainly strange in English political history, that almost all Englishmen of sense and patriotism, no matter to what political party they may belong, are earnestly hoping for the failure of negotiations in which an English Government is engaged. If the joyful tidings which have been spread more than once during the last few days to the effect that the French Government has finally rejected the English proposals were to be confirmed, there are probably not thirty men even among the faithful majority which saved Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry the other day by less than that number who would not be heartily glad. It is needless to inquire into the exact truth of the story that certain Liberal members, like St. BONAVENTURA in a famous legend, have confidentially implored Mr. GLADSTONE not to do anything worse than he has already done in Egypt, "because "they will not be able to endure it." It is still less necessary to discuss the marvellous rumours which have apparently found favour with some serious politicians in France to the effect that English Ministers have actually pleaded for the acceptance of their proposals by French Ministers, because it would be such a very serious thing for France if they, the good French-loving servants of her English MAJESTY, were turned out, and bad men who preferred the interests of her English MAJESTY herself were to come in. Generally speaking, all rumours of this kind are false if taken as literal history, and most of them are true if taken as embodiments of current opinion. The recent policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government has been so obviously directed by disregard of English interests and respect for French susceptibilities, that the general estimate of it takes form—a grotesque form enough certainly—in such articles as that in Tuesday's *Débats*. The dissatisfaction of Englishmen—Liberals as well as Tories—with that policy is so unmistakable that it is formulated by report into a regular round robin. Meanwhile some persons say that Mr. GLADSTONE has already pledged himself to evacuation in two years. In that case even the proselytes of the Gladstonian "thorough" will probably experience some searchings of heart.

There is no real reason for feeling any regret at the falling through of the Conference, if it should fall through. It is true that, with the virtual withdrawal of all English attempts at reform in Egypt, the immediate results in that country might be somewhat disastrous, and might give any Continental Power which chose to be unfriendly the opportunity for awkward, and to England very humiliating, remonstrances. But it does not at present appear that any Continental Power is desirous of an open quarrel with this country, and short of an open quarrel England is still mistress of the situation on the Nile, shamefully as she has hitherto misused her opportunities. It cannot be too often repeated that, although, or rather because, the present distress of Egypt is mainly due to English mismanagement, English good management could in a very short time put an end to that distress. Although the financial part of the difficulty could be settled with more apparent ease, and certainly with less direct responsibility, by the proposed joint action, it will hardly be contended either that English credit is not good enough to set Egypt for the moment on her legs again or that Egyptian resources, if properly developed, are not sufficient to maintain and secure a healthy balance between receipts and expenditure, provided only that a reasonable system of internal and external administration is pursued. On the first point no argument is necessary to prove, even to persons unacquainted with the subject, that an English guarantee would produce at once money enough to float ten Egypts over shoals ten times more dangerous than those at present in question. Such a guarantee is, of course, open to objections, and is not to be advocated without restrictions. But it would have the threefold advantage of being at once applicable, of being certainly efficacious, and of stalling off yet further the pretended claims of any other Power on Egypt. Indeed, if Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry had had the slightest grasp of the principles of foreign policy, it would have availed itself of French recalcitrance long before this to repeat the *coup* of 1882, and once more to place France in the situation of the man who would not when he might. But that would have been statesmanship, and this is apparently sufficient reason why it has not been done. On the second point—the ability of Egypt to bear her own burdens—the vast majority of experts are unanimous. With a firm and at the same economical policy towards the Soudan, keeping hold of what is worth keeping and letting the rest go, and with a complete reform of the present internal *régime*, which has been described as consisting of an Englishman to do the work, a Frenchman to prevent its being done, and an Egyptian to coquet with both and fill his own pockets when he can, Egypt can certainly pay her way. But this last reform is the most important of all, and, on the principles of interpretation above laid down, not the least instructive of the myriad rumours recently set flying is the rumour which attributes to France a stipulation that the Egyptian (that is to say, the English) Government shall dismiss no European official not a subject of the QUEEN. This, again, may seem literally unbelievable, but it is simply a formulation of widespread opinion with the aid of tolerably well-known fact. The rumourmongers have seen what Mr. GLADSTONE had not seen up to the rising of Parliament, that a multiple control in Egypt means a multiple control of England. As for the attempts at reassuring public opinion made by some Ministerialists, they may be dismissed almost without comment. The apologists have not understood the simple facts that if the pending negotiations were so harmless as they pretend, there could be no reason for secresy about them, even if there were any reason for entering upon them at all.

Apart from the question of the negotiations Egyptian news continues to present the same monotonous and dreary record of confusion, intrigue, and disaster. Souakim, the scene of General GRAHAM's bootless expedition, is now seriously harassed, if not seriously attacked. The state of Upper Egypt is "alarming"; the state of Lower Egypt calamitous. It seems now to be generally admitted that, with the single exception of the Egyptian army, which has not yet been tried, every institution springing from the DUFFERIN scheme has been abandoned or has failed. Every one who was not besotted with political commonplaces, and who could read between the lines, could see that Lord DUFFERIN himself pretty clearly foresaw some such result. Except for the discredit it throws upon England, the failure is not perhaps matter of great sorrow. If the scheme had succeeded, it could not (to employ a contradiction of terms more apparent than real) have come to good; and if it had not been tried, the incurable faith of some English Liberals in the party nostrums would probably have led to its being tried some time or other. There is now nothing left except an anarchy which is every day becoming more intolerable, a more or less

complete English surrender, which is, as every day shows more and more clearly, detestable in the eyes of the English people, and some scheme of rational government, "the masterful "hand of the Indian Resident," in short, concealed in any sort of glove that may look prettiest and be most convenient. This is what things must come to unless England washes her hands of Egypt altogether—a consummation which it seems the Liberal party itself will not stand—and the sooner it comes the better for Egypt and for England. Whether it can possibly come with the present Government is another question, and it would appear that there are some Liberals who, convinced and frankly admitting that the present Government has made an immortal muddle of the whole business, would rather see the affairs of the nation muddled by their own men than carried through triumphantly by the party to which they are opposed. Such persons must settle this matter with the consciences of which, as a rule, they are rather fond of talking. It is not altogether uncharitable to suspect that the vehemence of their protestations that 1880 never can be forgot, and that anything is preferable to the restoration of the Government then overthrown, is due in part to an uncomfortable suspicion that a grave mistake was committed in overthrowing it. Similar symptoms have been seen before in similar cases.

"G."

THE manifesto on foreign policy, which was by some attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE, seemed to have an immediate object as well as a general purpose. The document was, as it appears, composed and issued without his privity or sanction, but it contains an accurate statement of his policy, and it indicates habitual, if not immediate, inspiration. The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* is in some degree responsible for the suspicion which was shared and confirmed by the *Times*. The substitution of an initial for the usual signature of the contributors to the magazine seemed to point to an author of high distinction. No one supposed that Lord GRANVILLE would be guilty of so grave an indiscretion as the announcement of systematic deference to France and Russia, and of almost contemptuous ill-will to the central European Powers. There is only one other G in the Government, and it can scarcely be supposed that the most audacious of Junior Lords would venture to compromise the Government and its chief. The impropriety would be aggravated by the singular fidelity with which Mr. GLADSTONE'S foreign policy is represented by his mysterious interpreter. It is known that Mr. GLADSTONE systematically courts the alliance of France and Russia, even when he fails to obtain from either Power any concession or equivalent for the sacrifices which he may propose to make. It is also strongly suspected that the abject apology which he had at the beginning of his administration made to Austria has rather increased than mitigated his ill-will to the German Powers. It is true that, instead of crying "hands off" to the rival of Russia in the Balkan Peninsula, he now proposes, if G. expresses his opinion, to abdicate the policy of protecting Turkey or Constantinople against any aggressor; but his interpreter cannot resist the temptation of an ill-timed sneer against Prince BISMARCK. "The German "CHANCELLOR has been deferential to this country exactly "in proportion as he saw he could manipulate our simplicity "and respect for international ethics to his own advantage. "He has, in fact, played on our honesty with the object of "making us his cat's-paw." In other words, the statesman who is recognized as the arbiter of European politics is wantonly, and without provocation, accused of disregard for international ethics, and for the honesty which seems to be exclusively characteristic of England. The writer probably refers to the acquiescence with which Prince BISMARCK was, according to general rumour, prepared to receive an English annexation of Egypt. He has incurred the dislike of Mr. GLADSTONE on more general grounds by counteracting during a long period the ambitious policy both of France and Russia. If the feeling of the English Government to Germany has been exhibited in diplomatic communications, it is not surprising that Prince BISMARCK should have used peremptory language on the troublesome question of the sovereignty of the African settlement of Angra Pequeña. It is true that "every point "of vantage on the West Coast of Africa is eagerly dis-"puted by rival Powers"; but it has only become known within a few weeks that Germany was one of the adverse claimants. It is far from improbable that the friendship of Italy might be of the highest value in future adjustments of the balance of power in the Mediterranean; but Mr. GLADSTONE'S officious exponent contemptuously declares that "England's interest in Italy is and must remain more or "less sentimental."

The immediate occasion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supposed exposition of foreign policy seemed to be the approach of the Conference. The invention of elaborate reasons to justify a foregone conclusion has always been a favourite intellectual process of Mr. GLADSTONE. It, therefore, appeared to be natural that he should propose the withdrawal of England from interference with the Continent of Europe with the immediate object of admitting France to at least an equal share in the control of Egyptian affairs. It has been found impossible to extract from Mr. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons an intelligible statement of his policy, or a distinct pledge that it should be submitted to the judgment of Parliament before it was irrevocably fixed. There is no doubt that friendly relations with France would have been most effectually secured by the prudent and vigorous course of assuming for a time, not strictly defined, the government of Egypt. All the Powers were willing that England should complete the task which had been undertaken without opposition or protest. Mr. GLADSTONE'S inveterate inability to understand the real state of affairs has produced the evils which have fallen on Egypt, and the disgrace and danger which impend over England. From the first Egyptian officials were deterred from rendering loyal service to a Government which ostentatiously announced its intention of shortly leaving its partisans to the mercy of their enemies. The same infatuation can alone account for the criminal folly of prematurely proclaiming that the Soudan would be abandoned, instead of previously preparing for evacuation. As England has trifled, and paltered, and retreated, French intrigues and pretensions have revived. At the moment when a Frenchman declares with but little exaggeration that his official countrymen could not have been more actively hostile to England in a time of open war, Mr. GLADSTONE proposed a financial Conference, having probably never intended to confine its functions to finance, and now he gives the French Government warning that their goodwill is indispensable, and that they have only to name their price. It is not the first time that the present Government has acted like an advocate who should betray the cause of his clients. The admission voluntarily offered to M. DE LESSEPS that he had a monopoly of the Canal concession was almost as discreditable as the present bid for the favour of France; but it concerned less vital issues. "Oh that PALMERSTON were alive!" says the pamphleteer, "is the exclamation which always rises to the "lips of desponding but not less blustering patriots." It is perfectly true that patriots who are not necessarily blusterers, and who only despond because the fortunes of England are entrusted to Mr. GLADSTONE, may recall the days of PALMERSTON with regret. With the exception of the petty Eastern campaign of 1840, there was no war during Lord PALMERSTON'S long administration of foreign affairs. The Crimean War would never have occurred if he had been at the Foreign Office; nor would the Chancellor of the Exchequer in that case have taken a vote for the despatch of the Guards to Malta and back again. Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends made the war. Lord PALMERSTON, in spite of their subsequent factious opposition, made an honourable peace.

The writer's main argument for cultivating the friendship of France is that "French and English interests march "side by side, elbow each other, meet each other face to "face, in every part of the world, in Newfoundland and "Madagascar, in the Pacific and Indian Oceans." Face to face is a more accurate figure of speech than side by side; but it is true that the antagonism which occupies so large a part in the history of both countries has during Mr. GLADSTONE'S tenure of office revived, and that in every instance France has been the aggressor. The invasion of Madagascar has been directed against English traders and English missionaries; the conquest of Tonquin is chiefly valued because it furnishes the means of excluding English commerce from the south-western provinces of China. The writer of the article only translates Mr. GLADSTONE'S practical policy into a general proposition when he suggests that "we should abrogate to some extent "our position as a European Power." It is doubtful whether Egypt is for this purpose included within the sphere of European politics. If the Conference takes its probable

course, England may perhaps not even presume to be "side by side" or "face to face" with France at Cairo. In the same spirit it is asserted that "our relations with "Russia affect the future, and may even touch the very "existence of our Indian Empire." It is therefore imprudent to "irritate Russia by affecting to exercise over "her a check which is really exercised, not by England, "but by the German Empire." The theory that those allies should be preferred who have interests directly conflicting with those of England is not a little paradoxical. There is not the smallest reason to expect that the most solicitous deference will divert either France or Russia from the designs which, as their eminent partisan admits, are in the highest degree injurious and dangerous to England. It is said that "PALMERSTON knew from experience the illimit-"able power which France has, and must have, of in-"creasing the difficulties of the transaction of her Imperial "business by England." A Minister who spent the greater part of his life in placing limits to the hostile influence of France would scarcely have described it as illimitable.

Englishmen who may have regretted the "abnegation" of the position of their territory in Europe are invited to console themselves by studying the example of America. The Government of Washington, though it practises non-intervention beyond the limits of its own continent, has not been prevented from "eagerly and persistently asserting the "MONROE doctrine on all occasions when its principles were "likely to be assailed." It is true that the French EMPEROR retired from Mexico on the demand of the United States; but some explanation is needed of a proposal that "England should study and even reproduce in some of its "most characteristic aspects the foreign policy of the "United States." It would be interesting to learn whether the present Government is prepared to establish a MONROE doctrine for any regions in which English possessions are situated. America suppressed the Mexican Empire at the end of a gigantic and successful war. Mr. GLADSTONE, after three petty defeats, capitulated to the Boers of the Transvaal, and surrendered the territory in dispute. It is submitted by Mr. GLADSTONE's apologists that "We are "under an obligation to maintain our Empire unimpaired." The obligation was suspended by the skirmish on the Majuba hill. It is not by professing indifference to the advance of Russia to Afghanistan that the Empire will remain unimpaired. The nervous apprehensions which have reduced Egypt to anarchy would in no contingency have been felt or tolerated at Washington. There is probably no part of the world in which Mr. GLADSTONE would be willing to maintain the integrity of the Empire at the cost of war; yet his sentimental impulses and his impatient timidity have caused not only discredit and loss, but widespread slaughter. Arabs and Zulus and Egyptians have perished by thousands because a benevolent statesman could not look facts in the face. Mr. GLADSTONE's repudiation of the article in the *Fortnightly Review* was to a certain extent a satisfaction or relief; but the readiness with which the hasty statement of the *Times* was received is the best proof of the profound distrust with which his foreign policy is regarded.

THE LATEST EXPLOSIONS.

THE most obvious, and also the most discouraging, thing to be said about the outrages of last week is that they do not differ in the least from the others which have taken place at intervals during the past year. It is useless to point out again how cowardly they are and how cruel. The mean rascals who contrived the explosions in St. James's Square were plainly too terrified at the last moment to let off their dynamite at the right place; and if they succeeded better in Scotland Yard, it was because success was incomparably easier. People who are capable of doing things of this kind are, of course, indifferent to the charge of cruelty. They wish to hurt a Government and people whom they hate in their ignorant and malignant way, and they recklessly cause suffering to casual passers-by, or maid-servants, apparently in the conviction that whenever an Irishman causes pain to somebody he serves the cause of Ireland. It is the spirit and method of the callous brutes who hough cattle, working in a new field, and with improved instruments. The timely discovery of the bags of dynamite laid at the foot of NELSON's pillar probably prevented a more successful outrage than any of the other three—according to Irish patriotic notions. In St. James's Square and in Scotland Yard there was some pretence of destroying Government property; whereas an explosion in Trafalgar Square could only have killed or maimed individuals. It is some consolation that these enemies of mankind have again failed on the whole, but it is desirable not to exaggerate the extent of their failure. They have missed their main object, which is, as far as we can guess at the aims of such debased malefactors, to cause a panic. In that respect they must continue to fail as long as the inhabitants of London show the good sense of which they have given proof hitherto. It would, however, be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that they have had quite success enough to encourage them to make further attempts. This is the fourth time that a batch of outrages have been more or less carried out, and it is also the fourth time that the criminals have been able to escape.

For the moment we think that public attention might be most properly directed to this feature of what is now a long business. There has been quite talk enough about the ignoble character of the dynamiters, and far too much whimpering over the encouragement they receive from abroad. It is time a serious inquiry was being made as to the efficiency of the measures taken against them here. A year has passed since the first explosion at the office of the Local Government Board. Since that we have had four sets of outrages or attempts at outrage. In no case have the criminals been discovered. The accidental discovery of GALLAGHER's plot and the captures in the provinces have, as far as can be seen, brought us no nearer success in catching the gang actually at work in London. The inevitable deduction is that the pursuit is inefficient. We have no wish either to overrate the failures of the police or to underrate the difficulties of the task set them. It cannot be denied that the patrolling duties of the police are well done, and the rapidity with which men were collected from all the stations within a few minutes of the explosions speaks well for the organization and discipline of the corps. The failure is in the detective department, and there it is too obvious to be denied. Nobody wishes to ignore the fact that it is incomparably more difficult to hunt down a small knot of criminals among the four million inhabitants of London than it would be in Dublin or even in Glasgow. So much may be readily conceded as an excuse to the detective department; but it has now had a year to do the work in, and it is apparently not a step nearer success than it was at the beginning. In view of a plain and undeniable failure of this kind, it is surely time to say either that Scotland Yard is very badly directed, or that the pompously-named Criminal Investigation Department is so ill-organized and so weak that it is overmatched in the struggle with the criminal classes. It is not only outrage-mongers, be it remembered, but murderers of the ordinary vulgar stamp, who succeed in escaping. Parliament has a natural disinclination to hamper a public department in the discharge of its duty by premature inquiry into its working, but it has now given Scotland Yard a very fair chance indeed. It not only may fairly, but ought to, insist on learning why no more has been done. When the subject is considered, as we cannot but think it will be, an excellent opportunity will be afforded for putting the dynamiter on the same footing as such a much less dangerous criminal as the garotter, and making him liable to the lash. The officials in charge of the investigations have not done enough to justify them in deprecating inquiry into their doings, and it is the duty of Parliament to make it in the interest of the helpless people whose lives are threatened.

PIN-HUNTING.

DEPRIVED of his legitimate pursuit of the fox in the country, the undefeated British sportsman has taken to pin-hunting in town. There have been two very good and exciting things this week, and there seems no doubt that pin-hunting will soon be as popular as the usual avocations of English country gentlemen. Not even Mr. FREEMAN will maintain that cruelty or discomfort of any kind is inflicted on the pin, or, as it was in one of the runs, the bust. The sport is countenanced by the clergy, who themselves take a prominent part in this blameless diversion. Canon HARFORD himself acted as whipper-in and huntsman on a recent occasion, and the howls of laughter which the sporting public utter as they sweep down street and alley in full cry were greatly stimulated by the official attire of the clergyman who led the hunt.

Notice of a meet at the Westminster Palace Hotel was

given in the *Daily News* by Mr. IRVING BISHOP. This genuine old English sportsman appears to think that pin-hunting and the detection of crime have something in common. As we understand Mr. BISHOP, his position is this—we must first catch a dynamitard. That is not always easy, though perhaps the Birmingham police have one or two under lock and key. Next we are to attach the dynamitard to Mr. BISHOP. Mr. BISHOP will then, by the exercise of his powers as a pin-hunter, hurry with the miscreant to the place where he has concealed his explosives. For success in this kind of detective work we fear it is necessary that the malefactor should kindly oblige by fixing his mind on his hidden materials. If he obstinately directs his attention to the Presidential election in America, the Manchester Cup, the prospects of the hay crop, or what not, then, we presume, Mr. BISHOP will not be so successful.

The meet at the Westminster Palace Hotel was duly held as advertised. There was a good deal of confusion and committee-meeting, and several gentlemen of the press made themselves conspicuous and had their names duly advertised. Mr. BISHOP then failed to find the number of a bank-note; but his failures were considered "highly "interesting." As the humblest of us can fail to find the number of a bank-note, it is pleasant to reflect that, as long as we have five pounds, this source of recreation and excitement is always open to us and our friends. If Mr. BISHOP is as clever as he thinks, a fortune is open to him in Italy. There an immoral Government weekly offers large rewards to any one who will read correctly the numbers that come out in the lottery.

Real sport began when Canon HARFORD thought of something outside the hotel. Mr. BISHOP now dressed in the traditional costume of the British pin-hunter or bust-hunter. His head was tied up in a black bag, his arm was attached by a copper wire to that of Canon HARFORD, and the pair ran out of doors and up and down the streets. Enemies of the Church (and who has not enemies?) must have been pained by the spectacle of this very canonical Canon spinning along at a merry pace, with a scent breast high, through street and court, in company with a person arrayed in evening dress and a black bag. It is by thus throwing themselves heartily into the amusements, however idiotic and puerile, of the people, that the clergy have acquired their remarkable hold over the working classes. Again, if we regard pin-hunting (and why not?) as a branch of psychical research, and carry our complaisance so far as to think psychical research a form of science, what can be more pleasing than to see the clergy in the van of progress, chevying pins and busts with Mr. DUNPHY and Mr. H. POTTINGER STEPHENS?

Mr. BISHOP jumped away on a false scent, and took Canon HARFORD to 5 Victoria Street, where the arrival of a clergyman, accompanied by an enthusiast in a black bag, must have alarmed the timid. After making a few casts in vain, Mr. BISHOP dragged his Canon into the library of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, where nobody wanted either of the sportsmen. Lastly, Mr. BISHOP placed his hands on a bust in this room, and the Canon admitted that this object was the one which had occupied his valuable thoughts. The hunt was now over, but some more attempts were made to read the numbers of bank-notes. Another meet was held for the purpose of testing Mr. CUMBERLAND'S powers of "muscle reading," and this entertainment, in which the object was the usual pin instead of the unusual bust, was not less successful than the sport shown by Mr. BISHOP.

We live in an uncommonly childish age. Our advice to householders intruded on by clergymen in black bags is to give the visitors in custody, and let them explain themselves to the police. They may be mere silly pin-hunters; they may be burglars taking advantage of the latest popular folly.

LORD SALISBURY AND MR. GOSCHEN.

BY a rather curious coincidence Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GOSCHEN have been heard almost together in important speeches several times of late. They are not in political agreement as far as party politics are concerned, but in not a few characteristics they are alike, and in others they are mutually complementary. Whatever Lord SALISBURY'S worst enemies may say of him, they will hardly accuse him of being given to gush or to cant; whatever those Radical-Liberals who are sorest at Mr. GOSCHEN'S candid criticism may say of him, they will hardly accuse him of being prone to fuss or to fad. Gush and cant, fuss and fad, these are the four main curses of English politics at the present day, and those who refuse and resist them, by whatever technical and nominal distinctions they may be separated, are in reality fighting the same battle, the battle of good government and good policy against bad policy and bad government. Both Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GOSCHEN have faults as practical politicians—faults which spring from a combination of the same intellectual superiority with different moral temperament. Lord SALISBURY often forgets the necessity of stooping a little to conquer a great deal, and the advisableness of humouring, or at any rate condescending to, the folly of fools. Mr. GOSCHEN'S constitutional timidity makes him occasionally prone rather to wash his hands of the madness of the people than to give the help of those hands in forcibly binding the madmen and keeping them from mischief. If, in the language of Euphuism, Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GOSCHEN could make a bargain on the terms "I will be your Valour and you "shall be my Discretion," the result would be admirable; but, even as it is, it is satisfactory that England possesses two public men, one of each party, whose theory of general politics is almost wholly sound, and their judgment on special points always independent and acute.

The greater part of Lord SALISBURY'S speech at Devonport on Wednesday (his subsequent speech on Thursday expressed a consistent theory of domestic policy, but, dealing almost wholly with the Franchise Bill, need not be handled here) necessarily dealt with Egypt, and it is unnecessary to follow it here in detail. But, if there were any finality in political disputes, it might be hoped that the Conservative leader's very clear and temperate exposition of the grounds on which the Opposition quarrel with the Government policy would put an end to the silly cavils which take the place of defence with Ministerial advocates. The Opposition have been charged with having no policy, and they have been charged with inconsistency in blaming such things as the bombardment of Alexandria and the slaughter of Teb and Tamasi while advocating a forward policy in Egypt generally. No one who combines political honesty with some intelligence and a little attention to the facts could possibly entertain these objections; but, unfortunately, it is possible in politics to make adroit use of the blind eye. In so far as the general policy of the Government has aimed at the establishment and retention of English supremacy in Egypt, it is good and to be approved; in so far as the particular acts of the Government have jeopardized that supremacy, or have been ill co-ordinated, or have in particular cases been unwisely designed and awkwardly executed, they are bad and to be disapproved. The distinction is not, one might have thought, so subtle that it should surprise or disgust admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE; while the subsequent reflection that, if all tales be true, the present policy of the Government is directly bent on the abandonment of our hold on Egypt makes the charge of factious criticism still more futile. But the point of most importance in Lord SALISBURY'S speech was not his exposition of the Egyptian question, nor his criticism of other political acts of the Ministry, but the clear and unhesitating manner in which he vindicated the necessity—the vital and absolute necessity—of an Imperial policy, as it is called; of "cultivating the garden," as it might be better phrased. The declared policy of many Radicals and of all Gladstonians pure and simple in respect of the foreign policy of England is that England has much goods laid up for many years, indeed almost more than she can manage, and that the sensible thing is to eat and drink and be merry with the remodelling of Constitutions and social systems, letting other nations prosecute their acquisitions as they best may. The policy which Lord SALISBURY formulated at Devonport, and which the great majority of Conservatives and a very considerable minority, perhaps more than a minority, of Liberals would approve, if the issue were laid before them as a matter of plain business, is directly the reverse of this. It is founded on the principle that national prosperity knows no stationary state; that a nation cannot be a mere *rentier*, a placid enjoyer of the dividends on the savings and gains of its forefathers; that the world and the good things of the world are to the active and the energetic; and that tinkering the franchise, and playing childish tricks with the management of private property, will never fill a single Englishman's mouth, and will probably leave several Englishmen's mouths with nothing to fill them. This, of course, is putting the thing in its hardest and least poetical

form. There are plenty of other reasons for advancing, for holding high and steadily the banner of England; some of them more inspiriting by far to some people. But this reason at any rate is solid political rock; unshakable by argument, giving standing room to all comers, and admitting of any superstructure. If the enormous population which England has raised and sustained on a forward policy is to be kept in existence and in prosperity, English policy must still be forward. If England is to escape the fate of Venice and of Holland, she must avoid the mistakes by which scarcely less than by their intrinsic weakness Venice and Holland became insignificant. The Empire abroad is the livelihood no less than the glory of the kingdom at home.

The excellent speech which Mr. GOSCHEN made at Reading only belongs in appearance to a different order of subject, though, as has been said, Mr. GOSCHEN is not a political friend of Lord SALISBURY'S, and though he has somewhat publicly declared his want of confidence in him. On the two most important questions of the present moment—Egypt and the Franchise Bill—there is probably not much difference between the opinion of the Conservative leader and the opinion of the most distinguished Liberal who uses his own judgment, and follows its dictates. And, far apart as the subjects of the two speeches now referred to may seem to be, they have in reality very close bonds of union. Statesmanship not confined to one political party has this principle, that it is as active as possible in foreign policy, and as little active as possible in domestic policy. One form, at least, of Radicalism avowedly contemns and dislikes foreign policy, and is perpetually meddling with domestic affairs. The one course of conduct is that of a householder and man of business who sees that his household goes on in orderly fashion, that the bills are properly examined and paid, the house kept in repair, and so on, but who devotes his main energies to managing his business relations outside the house; the other is the conduct of the man who lets his customers or his clients go elsewhere, resigns his just claims, neglects the progress of his lawsuits, and devotes his whole time to moving the furniture of the nursery into the drawing-room, turning the orchard into a garden, reducing the wages of the coachman and raising those of the housemaid, interfering with the governess, turning off the chaplain, lecturing the butler, and teaching the cook. These latter occupations are, it is true, more harmless than those of our Radicals who will still be doing; but they are not wholly unlike them. Now Mr. GOSCHEN'S protest against State meddling is applicable to a good many other things besides Friendly Societies, just as his very pointed allusions to the Colonies and the Empire have a far wider reference than to the geographical distribution of Oddfellows' Lodges. Working-men cannot make for themselves new markets abroad, protect those which exist from the encroachments of foreigners, occupy the vantage places of the earth to the forestalling of possible rivals, secure English trade and the English Empire by maintaining the position of England among nations. That is what Government must do for them, and what it exists for doing. But they can look after their own earnings and savings at home, and they need no Government to filch a little for them from the rich, to protect them here and there against their own folly or vice, to tempt them into useless and mischievous meddling with party politics.

ZULULAND.

THE coronation by the invaders of Zululand of CETEWAYO'S son, DINIZULU, furnishes a mortifying comment on the policy of the English Government. The new KING is, of course, dependent on the adventurers to whom he owes his elevation; and it may be assumed that he has already recognized their title to the lands which they already occupy. The Boers who have exercised the highest of sovereign rights are not an organized or independent community. The Governments both of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State have in the first instance censured the aggression, which they may perhaps nevertheless regard with tolerant complacency. The district which has been occupied by the Boer invaders is exactly or nearly the same which was formerly the subject of dispute between CETEWAYO and the Boers of the Transvaal. The conflicting claims were, by consent of both parties, referred to the English High Commissioner, who ultimately gave an award in favour of the Zulus. It happened by a disastrous fatality that between the announcement and the execution of the award the Government of the Transvaal was induced to transfer the dominions of the Republic to the English Crown. Sir BARTLE FRERE, who, having soon afterwards succeeded to the office of High Commissioner, was now a party to the litigation, construed the award of his predecessor as applicable only to territorial sovereignty, and not to proprietary rights. The Boers, who had taken possession of the debated lands, were consequently confirmed in their occupancy; and if the patrons of DINIZULU are the same persons, they may establish a plausible claim to their former property. The unexpected, and probably unintelligible, interpretation of the award was the main cause of CETEWAYO'S alienation from the English interest. His formidable military force had been organized in the expectation of hostilities with the Transvaal; but he now found that his enemies had become English subjects, and that, at the same time, he was deprived of the fruits of a regular and legal judgment. Having converted a friendly potentate into an antagonist, Sir BARTLE FRERE thought it prudent to anticipate a not improbable attack. There is no doubt that he was cordially supported by the public opinion of the English population of South Africa; and after the victory at Ulundi his policy appeared to be justified by success.

If the English Government had then declared a protectorate in Zululand, the subsequent anarchy and bloodshed, with much loss and discredit, might have been averted. The Zulus themselves appear to have regarded the previously reigning dynasty as the product and symbol of the military organization which was shattered at Ulundi. CETEWAYO as a prisoner and an exile had therefore no hold on the loyalty of his former subjects; and the chiefs who succeeded to fractions of his power would lose nothing by acknowledged allegiance to England. The modern prejudice against the extension of Imperial responsibility deterred the Government from assenting to the more or less direct annexation which was recommended by Sir BARTLE FRERE and by almost all competent authorities. The division of the country into thirteen provinces, under as many petty chiefs, was perhaps the best alternative for simple annexation. The Zulus, being naturally intelligent, doubted the sincerity of self-denying professions, and took it for granted that the provincial chiefs would be controlled and protected by the Power which had brought them into existence. If their reasonable expectations had not been disappointed, the petty quarrels among some of the chiefs would have been from time to time adjusted without resort to arms. Repeated experience has proved that it is cheaper and more convenient to manage warlike barbarians as subjects than as nominally independent neighbours. The rough-and-ready arrangement which was effected by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY might have been tolerable, and, if not permanent, at least moderately durable, but for a sentimental agitation which was directed to the restoration of CETEWAYO. He had been harshly treated, and the gallant defence of his kingdom could not be punished or resented as a crime; but the interests of the Zulus had become irreconcilable with his own. No politician could have anticipated that an English Minister would be found to receive a dethroned savage as an interesting pretender, and then, with romantic sympathy, to restore him to his throne. Sir HENRY BULWER, the experienced and judicious Governor of Natal, urged upon his superiors the expediency of securing a retreat for the chiefs who were to be capriciously dispossessed in a territory to be reserved for the purpose. Lord KIMBERLEY, apparently for the purpose of thwarting a too zealous subordinate, drew his pen through the middle of the district which Sir HENRY BULWER had marked for the proposed Reserve on the map. It is in this diminished space that JOHN DUNN and other loyal chiefs have taken refuge under the protection of an English Resident. But for Lord KIMBERLEY'S arbitrary interference, nearly half of Zululand would now enjoy the benefits which might well have been extended to the whole.

The Boer adventurers have not hesitated to appropriate supreme authority, as it has dropped from the nerveless hands which now administer a once vigorous Empire. It seems that they have effected at least a temporary reconciliation among the native belligerents. But USIBEPU and OHAM were represented at the ceremony which accompanied the re-establishment of the dynasty of PANDA in a mutilated and dependent kingdom. Many years ago an English agent exercised at the coronation of CETEWAYO the right of investiture which is now assumed without dispute by a voluntary gathering of settlers from the Transvaal. The new KING,

or those who control his policy, may probably think it prudent to discontinue the menaces and occasional incursions which have placed the English RESIDENT on the defensive in the Reserve. Although the rule of hereditary succession is but capriciously observed among the natives of South Africa, there is no reason for objecting to the elevation of CETEWAYO's son, except that he derives his title from the choice of lawless usurpers. If he keeps the peace, he will probably be recognized, after a reasonable delay, by the Imperial and local authorities. In the probable contingency of a revival of the struggle with the KING's uncle OHAM and with his rival USIBEPU, the Boers will probably find an opportunity of occupying additional territory as a reward of intervention on one side or the other. According to their own convenience, the new settlers will either retain their political connexion with the Transvaal or set up a little Republic of their own, in accordance with the Stellaland precedent. Any attempt on the part of DINIZULU to restore the warlike organization which made his ancestors formidable will be summarily and sternly repressed by his new patrons; nor would such an experiment be regarded with favour by the English colonists. It is true that CETEWAYO during the height of his power always maintained friendly relations with the Government of Natal; but it is possible that his successor might rather incline to alliance with the Boers. Within a few years the military and political reputation of England in South Africa has been gravely impaired, and it is possible that native chiefs may exaggerate the decadence which better-informed politicians attribute to Cabinets at home, and not to provincial administrators.

The report that one of the ablest and most loyal officers of the Crown has tendered his resignation may possibly not be confirmed; but Sir HENRY BULWER has by a long course of public service fairly earned promotion. As Lieutenant-Governor of Natal he steadily protested against Sir BARTLE FRERE's warlike policy; but he is not one of the pedants who regulate their conduct after the close of a war with exclusive reference to the original merits of the quarrel. When the Zulu dynasty was overthrown, Sir HENRY BULWER seems to have agreed with Sir BARTLE FRERE in the opinion that some kind of English Protectorate should be substituted for the despotism of CETEWAYO. The determination of the Home Government to reverse Sir BARTLE FRERE's policy at all points must since have caused incessant trouble and anxiety to its unwilling agent. It would have been equitable, and perhaps it might have been safe, to avoid a collision with the Zulu King; but neither expediency nor justice required that no advantage should be taken of his fall. Soon after the end of the war Sir HENRY BULWER called the attention of the Colonial Office to the intrigues of officious philanthropists for the restoration of CETEWAYO. He must afterwards have been greatly surprised at the conversion of Downing Street to the sentimental theories of Bishopstowe; but he had perhaps become habituated to the rejection of his advice, when his proposed frontier line was capriciously shifted to the South. In the midst of danger and dishonour, arising from blind timidity, there is some consolation in the fact that English civilians and soldiers, removed from the influence of constituencies and Caucuses, are not inferior in capacity or courage to their predecessors. It was against the advice of the Commander of the forces that Mr. GLADSTONE capitulated to the insurgent Boers. The restoration of CETEWAYO was not recommended by a single competent and responsible adviser on the spot. It may also be observed that colonists who are exposed to the aggressions of savage tribes or of civilized neighbours seldom fail to urge on the Imperial Government an active and vigilant policy. The Australian Governments and Legislatures almost openly advocate the establishment of a MONROE doctrine in the South Pacific. The English inhabitants of South Africa for the most part approved of the Zulu war, notwithstanding the trivial nature of the alleged provocation. All the colonies from the Cape to Natal publicly express their regret for the death of Sir BARTLE FRERE, who was studiously neglected and disparaged by the dominant party in England. He may have made mistakes; but he was right in his fundamental conviction that the Empire would be best maintained by the bold and energetic policy to which it owes its existence. It is easy to sneer at a supposed devotion to "gunpowder and glory." If gunpowder means force and readiness to use it, the effect which it produces is with few exceptions pacific. "Glory" is not an ordinary English motive, and it assuredly had no influence on such a career as that of Sir BARTLE FRERE. Inglorious avoidance of responsibility is almost always dangerous.

M. RENAN'S MISSAL.

"THIS merriment of parsons," said Dr. JOHNSON, "is "mighty offensive." The Doctor, had he lived in our time, would probably have found something very distasteful in this piety of unbelievers. That a man should reject the doctrine of Christianity is his own affair; that he should regret and admire what he can no longer believe is very natural, for our instincts and sentiments endure after our opinions have altered. But when a sceptic continues to cherish, as poetical *bric-à-brac*, the notions which he declares to be false, and fondles the mysteries of religion as a China-maniac fondles Nankin porcelain, his conduct should be equally repulsive to believers and to people who, in losing their faith, have not lost the elements of good taste. Again to quote Dr. JOHNSON, SAINTE-BEUVE "could not think how "poor a figure he cut" when, in later life and in his letters, he explained the nature of his own new Christianity. He assumed his airs of being not far from the Kingdom, and of sentimental devotion, because he found that it made him acceptable to women, and, in his own words, "enabled him "to spin the thread of a more sentimental love affair." The love affairs of SAINTE-BEUVE were at no time pleasant to contemplate, and it is difficult to think of his confession without disgust.

Another queer unholy pose of sham piety and philandering religiousness has just been struck by M. ERNEST RENAN, in the preface to his new book *Nouvelles Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*. We confess that M. RENAN's devoutness has never been to our taste. There was some truth in the picture M. VEUILLOT drew of this priestly author, "with his pockets "still stuffed with ecclesiastical candle-ends." M. RENAN has tried, by no means unsuccessfully, to eat his cake and have it. He has revelled in the sentiment of religion, and got all the spiritual enjoyment that can be extracted from the most unctuous unction, without enduring one featherweight of the burdens of faith. Many people like to follow M. RENAN in his sentimental musings, and listen with pleasure to the church bells that chime in his emotional breast, like the bells of the city of Caer Is beneath the sea. To other minds good straightforward profanity seems a great deal less unpleasant, and they would rather laugh with VOLTAIRE than sigh and turn up their fine eyes with M. ERNEST RENAN.

In his new volume M. RENAN adopts almost SAINTE-BEUVE's mixture of amorousness and true religion. If a French writer wishes to be popular, he must keep introducing women, in place and out of place. M. RENAN is a St. ANTHONY who does not resist the tempter, nor banish the beguiling siren from his thoughts in the hour of prayer and contemplation. Nay, M. RENAN rather presents himself as the tempter, and would fain insinuate his captivating personality before fair saints in their holiest moments. M. RENAN's ambition is to compile a kind of Missal. He envies the fortunes of that work, and why? Because "choice beings press it with a fervent hand, and" (sly dog, M. RENAN) because they "sometimes bear it to their "lips." The lines of the Missal are lines "on which many "charming eyes are fixed." The volume has "the inestim-"able privilege of riveting the undivided gaze of a woman "at the moment that she believes herself alone with her "Creator." In the person of a good little book of his own pious fashioning M. RENAN would like to make a third in this company; he would enjoy being "borne to the lips" of the fair and "riveting their undivided gaze." "My "highest ambition would be satisfied if I could hope, upon "my death, to enter the Church under the form of a little "volume bound in black morocco, to be held between the "long tapering fingers of a finely gloved hand."

The most ferocious critic and satirist could not have more finely and happily hit off the characteristics of M. RENAN's devotion. It is inextricably intertwined with his liking for fine eyes, fervent clasps, long tapering fingers, and finely gloved hands. This religiousness of sunsets, rose-colour, fine writing, and gloves is an eminently respectable form of the worship of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's great Goddess of France. There is, happily, a kind of brutal humour in Englishmen which preserves them, as a rule, from joining the Church of the Quartier Bréda, and worshipping saints arrayed by M. WORTH. M. RENAN is not likely, even if ever he publishes his amateur Missal, to glide in black morocco among the devotions of our women, whom his peculiar piety can scarcely tempt. One of them might answer him, as DORINE replied to TARTUFE, "Mais à convoiter, "moi, je ne suis pas si prompte," and aver that, even in black morocco, M. RENAN "ne me tenterait pas."

MOROCCO.

UNLESS all the preliminary signs are completely untrustworthy for the first time, the legitimate interests of France are again about to be defended by another extension of French territory. M. ORDEGA has had a question with the Emperor of MOROCCO. They have fallen out and made it up again about the nationality of the Shereef of WAZAN. The upshot of it all is that the EMPEROR has had to yield; and M. ORDEGA, who had come home flaming with patriotic indignation, is on his way back triumphant, while a French squadron is, it seems, to be sent to cruise off Tangier, to make the Maroquins bethink themselves. It is only surprising that some business of this kind did not happen before; and, unless the nature of things has suddenly changed, it will not end here. For many years Morocco has been a kind of Turkey on a small scale. It has escaped being swallowed by France because Spain has guarded it as a preserve for its hunting some day, when CHARLES V. comes back from the grave, and because England has been vigilant not to allow an unpleasantly strong Power to approach Gibraltar. For various reasons France has not thought it worth while to quarrel with Spain for a long while past; and England gave all the world to understand so plainly that it meant what it said in 1859 that Morocco has stumbled along on its old barbarous courses in peace since LEOPOLD O'DONNELL took a Spanish army to Tetuan, and then marched back again by order of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. This sort of security is notoriously fragile. It depends on the pertinacity of the three dogs who sit watching to see that none of them gets into the manger. Now, for reasons philanthropic, liberal, and Egyptian, one of the dogs shows signs of not caring, or not being able to prevent, what may happen. Of the other two, one is a big and pugnacious beast; the second would be pugnacious if it dared, but it is very little. If they are left to settle it between them, it will be one of the most astonishing things ever seen in the political world if the former does not walk in and take possession. The barking of the little dog will be loud and angry, but its bite is not to be feared.

The merits of M. ORDEGA's quarrel with the dread EMPEROR are obscure in detail, but clear enough as to the main issue. Morocco borders on Algeria, and is full of barbarous tribes very fond of fighting and of booty, and also very fanatical Mahometans in a slightly heretical way. The EMPEROR has no control to speak of over his unruly subjects, and accordingly they are addicted to raiding over the French border. Now there is a potentate called the Shereef of WAZAN, who is a descendant of the Prophet, and exercises great influence over these pious moss-troopers. He acts, it seems, as a species of Warden of the Marches to the EMPEROR, and has done the French some service in keeping the raiders in order. To reward him for this M. ORDEGA has granted him the protection of France, which of course extends to his family and followers. Hence has arisen the quarrel with the EMPEROR. By a treaty made at Madrid barely two years ago, European Powers are entitled to extend their protection to a limited number of Maroquins who have rendered them services. It was never supposed that the protection was to be given to the head of a confederation of tribes occupying an important part of the EMPEROR's territory, but then neither does there seem to have been any stipulation that it should not. France is therefore technically in the right, and if it has broken the spirit of its own engagements, that is only in keeping with its usual diplomatic methods, and should have been foreseen. There are the usual stories of bastinadoings, drownings in boiling water, and killings by poison. The correspondent of the *Standard*, who told his version of the story on Tuesday, asked his readers not to think that he had taken his facts out of the *Arabian Nights*. That was an unnecessary precaution. He told of nothing which is not a commonplace of Oriental justice and Oriental intrigue. Whether it was technically justified or not, the fact remains that France, by giving protection to the Shereef of WAZAN, has practically extended its sovereignty over a considerable part of Morocco. The step has perhaps been hastened by the discovery that Italy has been carrying on intrigues of exactly the same nature in the same region. It is the first measure taken to prepare the way for a general protectorate. It is also, and that is by far the most serious aspect of the affair, a part of that general policy of aggression on which France has re-entered within the last two years. Neighbouring nations have one more warning that whenever an opportunity presents itself for extending the influence of their country, French diplomatists and statesmen at once throw aside every other consideration and escape from their own engagements by any chicane. There ought to be no need for a repetition of the lesson now, but, if it was wanted, there it is for the guidance of whoever has any dealings with the Republic elsewhere.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

IN the *Standard* of Tuesday last appeared a letter bearing the title given above. The writer, the Reverend D. RICE-JONES, dates his letter from St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Other letters bearing on the same subject have also appeared in the same journal and elsewhere, confirming what is known to all who have with their own eyes looked seriously into the condition of the poor, both in London and in other of our large towns. Yet Mr. RICE-JONES can say with absolute truth that the facts he states "are little known, even "among those who are interested in the condition of the "London poor." It is one thing to be "interested," as is just now the fashion, in their state; it is quite another thing to see a practical remedy for the evils under which they suffer. Many of those who now go to see the dwellings of the poor in the East End of London are moved by exactly the same curiosity which led people to go and see the embarkation of Jumbo, or which leads people to go and see the excellent exhibition of wild beasts on sale at the establishment of Mr. JAMRACH. The picture which Mr. RICE-JONES draws is as true as it is sad. The question is often and rightly put, how we can provide the poor with better dwellings. But there remains another question, how we can house that large class of persons who have no homes at all, however bad. "The truth," as he accurately puts it, "is that many of them are "real outcasts. They have been cast out of the only "homes they ever had by their own fathers, not necessarily "for misconduct, but simply because they were felt to be "encumbrances." These children, as he goes on to show, have not even the advantages which sometimes fall to the lot of orphans. Benevolent people are often ready to spend money and take trouble for the sake of those who have no natural protectors. But when the parents are alive and able, if sober and industrious, to take charge of the children, the case of such poor outcasts is far worse than if they were fatherless and motherless. No sensible man, however open-handed, will readily give money for the support of those who both morally and legally ought to be supported by others able to do so. The sins of the parents are thus most cruelly visited on the children; and the mere fact that the parents continue to live, and do not either die, abscond, commit suicide, get into prison for a long term, emigrate, or somehow make themselves invisible, is the one which stands in the way of the children's good. But they keep alive on such wages as they can earn, and turn the children adrift. The life of the father or mother thus means in nearly all cases the moral ruin of the child. If the child struggles, in spite of all adverse circumstances, into a respectable position, the father or mother, made worse by age and confirmed ill habits, come upon him for support, and may often succeed in dragging him back into the abyss out of which he has succeeded in climbing. But the chance is infinitesimal that he ever wins his way to respectability. He becomes a street wanderer, and in those years of his life in which the character and habits are formed lives, not even in decent garrets, but in ownerless cellars, or under the arches of bridges, or in rotten tenements where his non-human bedfellows are rats, pigs, and vermin.

There is a large class of children growing up among us who live as we have described. There is a far larger class who are growing up in a way little better. The School Board, which was to have wrought such wonders, has not met, and cannot meet, such evils. Mr. RICE-JONES says:—"One of the most hopeless *gamins* I know— "a boy who, if he did not look so young, might well be "taken for the Artful Dodger come to life again—has "passed the Fifth Standard, and snaps his fingers with "impunity at the School Board officers. And there "are hundreds like him. These boys have a literature "of their own—a literature which panders to the vilest "tastes, and boldly advocates the most extreme doctrines "of Communism." This is also true; and it would be indeed wonderful if literature of any better kind could appeal to these forlorn outcasts. All of them who are

intelligent are, as they grow up, but too likely to look on society, according to their temperaments, either as a tyrant on whom to be revenged, or as a wealthy fool to be robbed. With a view to correct these evils, Mr. RICE-JONES urges, as others have done before him, that cultivated men should go to the East End, live there, and freely mix with those classes whose special home the East End is. We should be glad to see this done, whether by Oxford men, Cambridge men, or by any of the young men now living in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall who "belong," according to Mr. RICE-JONES, "to the upper classes who have nothing to do." They could hardly employ their leisure better than in proving to the ignorant the truth that the interests of the rich and the poor are not antagonistic, and by showing in their lives the common bond of humanity which ought to unite all sorts and conditions of men.

That much good may be done in such ways we do not doubt, and the good when done will be reciprocal. The "young men who have nothing to do in the neighbourhood "of Pall Mall" are not all of them refreshing specimens of mankind. Many persons might even prefer the society of a street arab to that of some among them. But there is undoubtedly now a widespread desire in the cultivated classes in England to aid those classes on whom fortune has not smiled. Putting aside all that may be due to the many forms of a fanciful philanthropy, there remains an abundance of genuine, modest, practical zeal ready to be used in this cause. The question arises how this zeal can be best employed. Suppose a young graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, or one of the young men who live in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall and who have nothing to do, were to go among the poor in the East-End, he would soon find specimens of two classes among them. He would find, to take an example, a capable and industrious foreman in a manufactory from whom he would assuredly learn more than he could teach. And he would find men and women so hardened in vice that nothing which he could say or do would make the least permanent impression on them. It is the latter class in England who offer the real and difficult problem. How are we to save those who seem past saving; those whose confirmed habits of evil seem to make precept, example, and self-interest all alike unavailing?

As a class, it must be confessed by all practical people that there is no hope for them. Some few may be reclaimed; some few may be bettered; but the mass will spend the second half of their lives as they did the first. But, though this is unhappily the case with those who are grown up, it is not so with their children. There only lies any true solution of the difficulty. Sever the children from their parents and former associations, educate them for a time, and then transplant them to those colonies where they will have a future, and where, even as children, they are welcomed from the mother-country. The only evil of emigration is, that in many cases it is just the most capable and enterprising men—those whom we most wish to keep at home—who leave us. The class which we want to get rid of has not the energy to begin a new life in a new country. The parent is past help, and the child, if left to his care, grows up like him. But, though the parent is a nuisance alike in England and in the Colonies, the child, though sure, if he grows up, to be a nuisance here, can be turned into the most valuable of colonists. The attempts hitherto made in this direction have shown it to be for the present the true line to work upon. The child is removed—the earlier the better—from the influence of the parents, is trained for a few months or a year (or, in special cases, for a longer period) in decent and orderly habits, and can then be taken out to Canada, and adopted or apprenticed to those who are only too glad to receive him. Both the people and the Government of the Dominion combine to aid those in England who are engaged in carrying out this work, which (small at present) is certain of a great future. It is not in London only that it is being carried out. In Birmingham, for instance, a gentleman has for ten years been engaged upon it. Devoting his whole time to the work, he has extricated from the criminal classes some eight hundred children, has trained them, has transplanted and settled them in Canada, where, with a very few exceptions, they are all doing well. His work is aided by the Canadian Government, and children who in England would certainly have turned out for the most part criminals are there prosperous and successful. In the case we mention the gentleman has given his attention almost exclusively to the children of the lowest and vilest classes, of whom some are now thriving men of property in Canada. The mature criminal, except in rare cases, cannot be greatly bettered. But the legacy of evil which, in his children, he leaves to England we can turn into a legacy of good for our Colonies. His children, rightly and wisely trained here, are, as experience shows, welcome and desirable colonists; and it is just in the fact that while they are still young the ocean is put between them and their old associations that the success of this method of emigration depends. We wish every good fortune to those young men who may go and labour for the benefit of East London; and we trust that their good intentions may not be frustrated by mistaken methods. But to meet the evil suggested by our title, and which prevails in all our large towns as well as in London, we can see no better remedy than that which we have suggested, and which already has been tried with signal success. We may hope that Town Councils and Parliament will think it worthy of serious discussion.

"THE HOUSE" AND THE HOUSE.

THE House of Commons does not belong to that rare class of holiday-makers who usually show to an advantage after an "outing." In too many cases it returns to its duties not refreshed, but apparently used up; and the first night after a recess is commonly remarkable either for the languor or for the ill-temper of the reunited Assembly. Everything, however, has its compensations, and if too many members come back from their holiday in a mood not conducive to the progress of public business, there are many more who are good enough to facilitate it by not putting in an appearance at all. A House which may be very willing to "play," and not very unwilling to wrangle, requires the support of members to get up a diversion of either kind; and in the absence of this support, if a judicious Government happens to have put down Supply for one of these first nights, they may hope to score what Ministers in our constitutional country regard as the greatest of triumphs—namely, the obtaining of a maximum of the national money at the cost of a minimum of criticism on the part of the nation's representatives. Their success in this respect last Thursday night was not so splendid as it has sometimes been, but it was respectable. The House got through over twenty of the votes on the Civil Service Estimates, to the tune of a good many hundred thousand pounds; and, in the absence of some of the most noted performers on the Irish benches, the business of the night was conducted without the interchange of any violently abusive language.

If traces of the late recess can be said to have displayed themselves anywhere, it was in the easy "lounging-coat" species of discussion which took place on that familiar subject "the accommodation of the House." It must be admittted, however, that the natural attractions of such a topic were, under the circumstances, considerable. There were not much more than a hundred members present even at question-time; their numbers underwent the usual reduction of from a half to two-thirds upon the SPEAKER leaving the chair. To rise, therefore, from a solitary seat on the deserted benches and gravely discuss the question whether the accommodation of the House was adequate must have felt to many members almost like a prolongation of their holiday. There was the same delicious sense of futility about it which constitutes the charm of flinging pebbles into the sea. Nor is there any knowing how long the handful might have persevered in their indignant demand for elbow-room, if the LORD MAYOR—like one of those practical men who interrupt pebble-throwing at the seaside with politics—had not interposed with a matter-of-fact reference to "the present condition of the benches on "both sides of the House." The grievance in question, he went on to observe with relentless common sense, is only felt at the beginning of a new Parliament. This is undoubtedly so. In a new Parliament members come up keen to their work, full of noble ambitions and of zeal for the public service, and fondly imagining that, save for the brief intervals of absence required by the needs of food and sleep, they will literally live in the House to which their respected constituents have returned them. Upon them, as upon other youthful illusions, Time soon lays his cynic hand; and hence it comes about that, as Parliament grows older, a large contingent of its members become less concerned about the insufficiency of the accommodation provided for them, rightly judging that it is not worth troubling themselves about their seats during the few hours per week which will

constitute the average duration of their attendance. After all, it does not much matter where one sits to listen to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice on Central Asian geography; and Mr. Gladstone, on the "progress of negotiations," loses none of his interest as an intellectual study even for a hearer who is content to stand at the bar. As to Mr. Bradlaugh, due notice has always been given of each repetition of his celebrated conjuring performances at the table, and seats can in such cases be engaged beforehand. The idle member soon ceases, in short, to concern himself about the question of seats; and the House, as the Lord Mayor contended, may well, therefore, confine its consideration to the actual requirements of its really working members; which, he went on to argue, are sufficiently consulted already.

No doubt, however, it will be replied by those who are determined to give "le mieux" a fair field for its hostility to "le bien," that what the accommodation of the House does already should be done, and "the other not left un-"done." There should be room enough, these captious persons insist, for all the members of the House to take their seats there at once, and the working members would do their work none the worse if this condition were fulfilled. The sight of a few more empty benches during the time of real "business" would not depress the energies of men who, by the hypothesis, are superior to such discouragements. Nor would it be easy to contest this view of the case if it were merely a question of providing additional seats. But seats in the House, unlike greatness and goodness in Coleridge's stately lines, are means and not ends. They are intended to enable their occupants to employ their eyes and ears from a position of bodily ease; and in only a limited number of the existing seats can this be done. To increase them by the addition of others which must necessarily be in still worse positions would be merely suggesting fresh subjects of discontent. It would be the thin end of the wedge. Members newly provided with seats would next be demanding to see and hear; and it would then be useless to remind them that these are exceptional privileges even in the House as at present arranged, and that those who are anxious to secure them on any great occasion are accustomed even now to ascend in considerable numbers to the side galleries. It is even possible that, not content with the demand for the opportunities of seeing and hearing from any part of the floor of the House, we should have many members putting forward the much more formidable claim for facilities of speech from the new seats provided for them; and, unless the instinct of self-preservation should operate promptly for their suppression, we might as well go in for the "tribune" system at once. The truth, of course, is that, though acoustic requirements might doubtless be more adequately met in the present House of Commons than they are, the Chamber itself is not, and could not by anything short of a complete transformation of plan, be made a suitable place either for displays of oratory or for listening to them. There are not more than fifty seats in the House, including those on the Treasury and front Opposition benches, from which the Assembly can be addressed with combined comfort and effect; and, if one of the very best of these has fallen by good fortune to the lot of Lord Randolph Churchill, its counterpart on the opposite side of the House is occupied, *en revanche*, by Mr. Dillwyn. The number of seats from which a speaker can be seen and heard with ease and comfort is, of course, much larger; but, relatively to the whole, it is still but small. Nor, as we have said, could any mere enlargement of the House on its existing plan do anything to reduce the evil, if it be one. The "theatral" arrangement of a house of assembly is the only one which will satisfy the needs of orator and listeners alike. On the other hand, the plan of the House of Commons is infinitely better adapted to the "transaction of business," as distinct from the display of eloquence; and these are certainly not days in which the former of these considerations should be sacrificed to the latter.

PUBLISHING ON COMMISSION.

We find that in representing Mr. Besant last week as advising young authors unconditionally against publishing novels on commission we misrepresented him. Mr. Besant's real warning was, it seems, directed against publishing on the terms of paying a sum of money down beforehand to the publisher. There is, no doubt, a considerable difference between the two systems. On the commission system (which, it seems, Mr. Besant did not mention at all) the publisher at any rate takes his risk of great or small profit, according to the greater or less success of the book. On the other, the publisher practically declares that the risk is a certainty of loss, and that he declines to face it in any way unless covered. That is to say, the expert most interested in the matter and best qualified to judge prophesies failure.

BANJO AND BONES.

"I HAVE a reasonable good ear in music," remarks that typical amateur actor, Bottom the Weaver; "let's have the tongs and the bones." The tongs, though not obsolete, are now something archaic, but masters of the noisy art and mystery of bone-playing are still to be found disguised in black and set over against masters of the more dulcet tambourine, at the opposite ends of the semi-circle of sable performers known to the world at large as negro minstrels. It is, perhaps, more accurate to confess at once that the negro minstrel is practically known and loved only in those parts of the world where the English language is spoken. The burnt-cork opera of the Christy Minstrel is appreciated only in Great Britain, in Greater Britain, and in the United States of America—where, in fact, it had its rise some two score years ago. Where the English language is not spoken, the grotesque verbal dislocations of Brudder Bones somehow fail of their reward. Indeed nothing can be more humorously pathetic than the dignified and reserved attitude of the audience in a Parisian *café chantant*—the Alcazar or the Ambassadeurs in summer or the Eldorado in winter—when a pair of blacked-up and hopelessly *h*-less Cockneys are attempting an exact imitation of the sayings and doings of the American plantation negro, studied by them at secondhand from some Irish-American performer who had probably never in his life seen a cotton-field or a sugar-house. And the estate of the Germans is yet less gracious than that of the Frenchman; there is even a legend in circulation setting forth the absolute failure of an enterprising American manager's attempt to invade Germany with a resolute band of negro minstrels, in consequence of the perspicacity of the German critics in detecting the fraud of trying to pass off as negroes white men artificially blackened! Obviously, the imitation darkey of the negro-minstrel stage did not coincide with the genuine darkey as evolved from the Teutonic inner consciousness. Probably the German critics would have objected even to the conscientious display of misplaced zeal which it was our good fortune once to behold in America. At the huge summer hotels which make Saratoga one of the brightest and gayest of American watering-places, the attendants in the dining-rooms are generally negroes, varying in hue from the ebony of the full-blooded black to the tawny ivory of the octoroon. The waiters of one of these hotels sometimes obtain permission to give "a minstrel show" in the dining-room, to which the amused "guests" of the hotel are admitted for a price. It was one of these minstrel shows, given at a Saratoga hotel three summers ago by genuine darkeys, that we were privileged to attend; and when the curtains were drawn aside, discovering the row of sable performers, it was perceived to the great and abiding joy of the spectators that the musicians were all of a uniform darkness of hue, and that they, genuine negroes as they were, had "blacked up" the more closely to resemble the professional negro minstrels.

This personal experience is valuable in so far as it may show how firm is the rule of convention in theatrical circles, and how the accepted type comes in time to seem preferable to the real thing. It is useful also in suggesting that the negro minstrel is getting to be a law unto himself, and ceasing to be an imitator of the exact facts of plantation life. In the beginning of negro minstrelsy, when the first band of "Ethiopian Serenaders," as they were then called, came into existence, its sole excuse for being was that it endeavoured to reproduce the life of the plantation darkey. The songs sung by the early Ethiopian Serenaders, before the original E. P. Christy or his nephew, the late George Christy, came into prominence, were reminiscences of songs heard where the negro was at work, on the river steamboat, in the sugar-field, or at the camp-meeting—the hardest kind of labour to a negro was religion. These songs retained the flavour of slave life, with all its pathos, its yearning, its hopelessness, its mournfulness. To this period belongs Stephen C. Foster, who remains to this day the most truly American of all American composers. As the slave songs are the only indigenous tunes which America has produced, Foster availed himself of hints from them, and he borrowed from wandering negroes both the themes and the method of some of his best songs. The typical song of this period is "The Old Folks at Home," with its wailing refrain and its suggestion of unutterable longing. The actual melodies of the plantation slave have been made known to European critics by the various wandering bands of Jubilee Singers, who have travelled the world over singing their rude and effective hymns. Some of their songs have been borrowed by Mr. Sankey, and others, as we have said, have been taken by the negro minstrels. Their full beauty will not be recognized generally until America shall bring forth a composer with imagination enough and with skill enough to do for these rich themes what has already been done so brilliantly and so effectively for the folk-songs of Hungary and of Scandinavia.

The first negro-minstrel company was organized in 1843, and it consisted of four performers, who had each appeared singly as impersonators of the plantation negro. One of the original four, D. D. Emmett, who still survives, was the composer of "Dixie," which afterwards became the battle-song of the Southern Confederacy. In the beginning these performers gave their concert as an interlude between two plays in a regular theatre. The popularity of the new entertainment led to its expansion, until it could fill the bill of an entire evening's amusement. It was at a very early stage in its career that the programme of a negro-minstrel performance fell into three divisions—the "first part," the "olio," and the after-piece. The "first part" retains its name to the present day; it is the portion of the entertainment provided by a single row of negro minstrels seated on chairs, with the grave "Interlocutor" in the centre, while at the ends are Bones and Tambo, the "end-men," who are known in England, oddly enough, as the "corner-men." This row of negro minstrels consisted at first of four, but it gradually expanded to twenty, until the great Mr. Haverly suddenly declared that he had "forty—count them—forty." In the performances now given at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—and the name is not ill chosen, for some of the merry jests retailed by Mr. Haverly's comedians are surely as old as the mastodon and the mammoth—there are nearly sixty performers visible, line upon line, rising in tiers nearly to the flies. On the wings of this sable array are a score of end-men with tambourines and with bones; while the star end-men, the chief comedians, are so many and so important that they appear in relays, one replacing the other. This, of course, is a doing of things on a large scale, and certainly it succeeds in breaking up the monotony of a single line of performers quite as effectually as did the New York minstrel manager who scattered the actors in his "first part" through a handsomely furnished drawing-room in a vain effort to make the entertainment appear in the semblance of an evening party. The second part of a minstrel show is the "olio"—and this is only a variety entertainment, of banjo-playing, clog-dancing, and the like, by imitation negroes. Occasionally one of the sketches now and again performed really recalls the actual negro, notably the little charcoal outline of the "Watermelon Man" as presented by Mr. McAndrews. But in general the "olio" is as far away from the actual facts of plantation life as the first part; and when we say that two of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are sufficiently conscience-less to sing Irish comic songs, the full extent of this decadence is made visible. And, in like manner, the after-piece, which once attempted to reproduce dramatically the mingled simplicity and cunning of the negro, is now a parody of a popular play, a burlesque opera, or any other comic drama as far removed as possible from the ken of the dwellers on the old plantation. Nowadays any kind of a farce may be performed as an afterpiece. We have seen, with much amusement, a broadly comic play called the *Great Sheep Case*, in which we recognized a blackened perversion of the *Village Lawyer*, a farce of Garrick's day; and we happened to know that the *Village Lawyer* was a free rendering of *L'Avocat Pathelin* of Brueys and Palaprat, which in turn was a modernization of *Pathelin*, one of the oldest surviving farces of the French stage.

The entertainment now offered at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's American and European Mastodon Minstrels is emphatically a Big Thing after the most approved fashion of American Big Things. Mr. Haverly is, plainly enough, a manager with Napoleonic conceptions, worthy of comparison with those of the mysterious and mighty Mr. Barnum, whose Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is hardly more astounding or more kaleidoscopic than this sable exhibition of Mr. Haverly's. We incline to think that Mr. Barnum's show is scarcely more unlike the primitive circus than Mr. Haverly's Minstrels are unlike the original Ethiopian Serenaders. And Mr. Haverly has a full share of the sublime self-confidence and of the marvellous knowledge of effect which combine to make Mr. Barnum what he is—one of the wonders of the world, far more remarkable and better worth the full price of admission than any of the Living Curiosities gathered into his Ethnological Congress. From the first part of Mr. Haverly's programme to the last part everything is done on a grand scale; there are six eminent end-men appearing in pairs in relays; there are eighteen other exponents of the bones and the tambourine; there are about sixty performers on the stage at once; there are sand-dances by a sextet of agile and ebony operators, and clog-dances by a score of glittering and airy apparitions, who appear in shiny mail to go through a Silver Combat Clog-Dance—which, indeed, must be seen to be appreciated. Above all, there is Mr. Frank E. McNish, one of the most quaintly humorous performers it has ever been our good fortune to see. Mr. McNish is primarily an acrobat, and he is an acrobat of very unusual skill and of a most delightful felicity and certainty of execution. But what gives zest to the merit of his performance is his odd dramatic assumption that he is in danger of interruption from some unseen bully of an overseer. Mr. McNish's extraordinary performance, as extraordinary in its humour as in its novelty, is beyond all question a thing to be seen. Among the other performers, Mr. William Emerson and Mr. William Sweetman are the most amusing, and Messrs. Sanford and Wilson are the most true to the negro character. In general, as we have said, there is but a bare pretence of the imitation of plantation life in any modern minstrel performance; and perhaps Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are no worse in this respect than any other. But the sentimental ballads of the first part—not as many nor as delicately shaded as other minstrel companies have accustomed us to—have no trace of the real negro song, which is to be detected, however, in one or two of the comic ditties, notably in Mr. Morton's "I'm high-minded." In general, the comic songs of Mr. Haverly's performers are better than the sentimental; they are sung, too, with better assistance from the chorus; and some of them are rendered with a certainty of effect, and indeed a multiplicity of effects, most amusing. In fact, of the entire programme of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—despite the melancholy fact that programme is unduly long—we may say, with Abraham Lincoln, that "those who like that sort of thing will find this just the sort of thing they like."

The instruments of the four performers in the original band of Ethiopian Serenaders were the banjo and the bones, the violin and the tambourine—and for a long while the place of the stately Interlocutor (who sits in the centre of the semicircle and allows the humorous end-men to extract unlimited fun from the extremely complicated relations of the Interlocutor's numerous fathers and brothers and sisters) was filled by the banjoist, who repeated the conundrum propounded by Brudder Bones or Brudder Tambo, so that there might be no misunderstanding of its conditions, making the point clear to the dullest comprehension, much in the manner of the catechizing Sunday-school visitor. Of these four instruments most persons would at once pick out the banjo as most characteristic of the negro race, recognizing the Elizabethan existence of the bones, the Basque origin of the tambourine, and the wholly un-Ethiopian genesis of the violin. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, however, the creator of the always delightful *Uncle Remus*, and a very close student of the actual facts of negro life, wrote a paper last winter in which he declared that the banjo was not a negro instrument at all, and that the preference of the darkey was wholly for the violin. Mr. Harris, whose opportunities for observation, especially in Georgia, have been as well utilized as they have been ample, declared that "the banjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation-negro, but I have never seen a plantation-negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably well on the fiddle, the fife, and the flute; and I have heard them blow a tin-trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a banjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones, in the hands of plantation-negro." And, after specifying that his experience extends only to Middle Georgia, where, however, there were negroes from Virginia and from other parts of the South, Mr. Harris adds:—"I have seen the negro at work, and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him fit barbaric airs to the quills; I have seen him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle, and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo." This iconoclastic shattering of tradition and convention was most tolerable and not to be endured; and the succeeding numbers of *The Critic* (in which Mr. Harris's pungent paper was published) contained letters from many correspondents, all of whom bore witness to the fact that the plantation-negro did sometimes play on the banjo. No attempt was made to show that the negro knew anything at all about the bones or the tambourine. But the use of the banjo by plantation-negroes in Virginia was established beyond all cavil. One correspondent aptly quoted a foot-note from the rare first edition of Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* (1784) which supplemented an assertion in the text that the negroes have an accurate ear for music with the declaration that "the instrument proper to them is the Banjar, which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the origin of the guitar, its chords being precisely the four lower chords of the guitar." Mr. George W. Cable, the author of the fresh and subtle sketches of life in New Orleans, *Old Creole Days*, has had occasion to observe the negro in Louisiana as carefully as Mr. Harris has observed him in Georgia; and Mr. Cable has found a hundred times as many fiddles on a plantation as banjos. Mr. Cable agrees with Mr. Harris in asserting that the banjo is not a very common instrument on the plantation; but he asserts that he has often spent half the night listening to negroes "picking" the banjo in monotonous accompaniment to their songs. Mr. Cable quoted a little Creole song, in which the slave seems to take his banjo into his confidence as he describes a passing dandy:—

> Voyez ce mulet-là, Musieu Bainjo,
> Comme il est insolent;
> Chapeau sur côté, Musieu Bainjo,
> La canne à la main, Musieu Bainjo,
> Botte qui fait crin, crin, Musieu Bainjo.

Mr. Cable, however, disagrees absolutely with Mr. Harris in the main issue. He says that the banjo is just as much a negro instrument as the barrel with the jawbone drumsticks which the negroes use in their dances. And all truly conservative lovers of tradition will rejoice that Mr. Harris has been overthrown. It is bad enough to deprive the negro of his tambourine and his bones; to rob him of his banjo is brutal.

THE POLITICAL NURSERY.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT appears to have been so much pleased with the position of the "eternal child" in politics which we gave him last week that he has determined to addict himself yet further to childish things. No house, a great Englishman once said, is complete without a kitten rising six weeks and

a baby rising two years or thereabouts. There are diversities of opinion as to this last point; but we, at least, have room in our political nursery for Mr. Herbert. With the engaging inconstancy of youth, he has changed his playground from the *Daily News* to the *Times*, perhaps because his play this week is so very, very naughty that the *Daily News* really could not give facilities for it. Last week he only defended Mr. Forster; now he goes so far as to attack Mr. Gladstone (*cet age est sans vergogne*), and accuses the whole Ministry of political shabbiness. They were shabby about the Land Act and the Land League, shabby about the Boer War, shabby about the Indian troops in Egypt, shabby about Arabi, shabbiest about the Egyptian garrisons. All this is extremely true, though perhaps it has been said a good many times before, and by persons rather better qualified to speak than those who (as Mr. Herbert, to the best of our remembrance, did) used their efforts to seat this shabby Ministry in place. However, it does not do to quarrel with truisms, and it is a characteristic of infancy to enunciate them with great solemnity and imagine them to be new discoveries. In the very same number of the *Times* which contains what the *Times* itself has obligingly called Mr. Herbert's "spirited letter" a gifted reviewer indulges in the unanswerable statement that "it would be much to be lamented if Englishmen lost their interest in the bygone ages, with their wonderful wealth of poetry, of romance, and of heroic action." It would, there is no doubt of it; and the Government is shabby, there is no doubt of that. Even so when the Bennet family were in trouble by reason of the elopement of the flagitious Lydia did the studious Mary comfort her sisters:—"Unhappy as the event may be, we may draw from it this useful lesson, that loss of virtue in a female is irretrievable, that one false step involves her in endless ruin, that her reputation is no less brittle than it is beautiful, and that she cannot be too guarded in her behaviour towards the undeserving of the other sex." Mr. Auberon Herbert, Miss Mary Bennet, and the reviewer of the *Times* make a delightful trinity.

To return, however, to that one of the trinity with whom we have more particularly to do—our spirited political child, Mr. Auberon Herbert. He proceeds to improve the Egyptian situation at great length, observing, as if it were a totally novel comparison, that the Government arithmetic is as that of persons who say that two and two make five. Here also be truths. But, as Mr. Auberon Herbert himself seems after a time dimly to perceive, they are not extremely fertile or practical truths. What is to be done? says Mr. Auberon Herbert; and the first thing which he decides upon as by no means to be done is to call in the Opposition. No, no, cries Mr. Auberon Herbert, "I still shudder when I think of Lord Beaconsfield's Government," and he shudders still more when he thinks of Lord Beaconsfield's Government without Lord Beaconsfield. But, on the other hand, he cannot tolerate the Government as it is. "You must get rid of old crust-hardened politicians," and, it would appear, try a young man or two with an open mind, such as—but we pause. Why not, says Mr. Auberon Herbert, try a Government composed of Sir Charles Dilke as Foreign Secretary, Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre? It is awful to think of the wrath of Birmingham when it finds that Mr. Ch-mb-rla-n is not in this selected team. So, however, Mr. Auberon Herbert is left constructing Cabinets.

Now, there is something delightfully childish in this cry of our spirited political child. When other children of the natural kind are ill, everybody is very sorry indeed for them; but it has been observed by the most humane spectators that their conduct is not invariably distinguished by the perfection of reason. "Oh, mamma," says the little sufferer, "I have got *such* a pain." Mr. Auberon Herbert has got a pain, and the name of the particular pain is Liberal Government. "Then, my dear," says mamma, "here is some medicine which will take it away." So do nature and reason, *almæ parentes* both, point out to Mr. Auberon Herbert that a Conservative Ministry will probably relieve him at once. "Oh no, mamma," rejoins the infant of fact, "not that *nasty* medicine—I can't take that medicine. Why won't you make some other medicine with sugar and spice and all that's nice." So does our infant of fiction yearn for a political remedy into which Mr. Forster (all compact of sugar) and Mr. Courtney (that nest of political spicery) shall enter. It is sad, and possibly useless, to point out to him that the medicine will not cure even if it could be got compounded by any known practitioner of pharmaceutics. "Give me the *nice* medicine, not the *nasty* medicine that I threw away the other day!" Such is the spectacle presented by our political child, and such his wail. It is a very interesting one, but trying to persons of short temper. In the nursery of fact and private life remonstrances of this kind are too often met with a short, summary, but very practical and effective method, which usually accomplishes a cure. In the political nursery, which unfortunately is often the largest and most populous part of the political house, these means are not available.

Yet it would appear that a not inconsiderable part of the nation is in Mr. Auberon Herbert's state of political babyhood and political gastralgia. With himself we have nothing more to do, except to thank him for the obliging frequency with which he gives us a text. We do not even inquire further why he dislikes old crust-hardened politicians. An intelligent art critic observed the other day that, "paradoxical as it may appear, the French, who live in small rooms, delight in large pictures." Any political writer of the same kidney may, if he likes, indulge in the kindred reflection that, "paradoxical as it may appear, Mr. Auberon Herbert, who lives in the New Forest, dislikes old politicians." But of him we speak no more, and need speak no more; for the wailings of infants like unto him are as frequent just now as those of other infants in the vestibule of the Virgilian Hell. Here is the *Pall Mall Gazette* acknowledging that Lord Salisbury has just spoken about Egypt after its own heart, and crying, like Mr. Herbert, "No Lord Salisbury! No nasty Conservative medicine!" Here is the *Manchester Guardian*, that most respectable organ of provincial Liberalism, at once declaring plumply that an international Control for Egypt might be a capital thing if France were kept out of it, and then abusing Lord Salisbury for abusing the Government which has by its own confession been negotiating with France for weeks on the subject of Egypt. The *Manchester Guardian*, of course, does not think that the Government have been proposing to France an international Control without France. But the cry "No Conservative Government! No nasty medicine!" breaks dolefully from its lips also. Somewhat more consistent is the *Scotsman*, the David Deans of Gladstonian orthodoxy, a journal far more free from right and left hand defections, far more elect a member of the lovely remnant than the *Daily News* itself, which, to tell the truth, has too often made short excursions in the direction of sense and heresy before once more involving itself in the gloom of impenetrable Gladstonianism. The *Scotsman* has blasphemously said that thoughtful men all over the country will have nothing to do with any policy that can in any way involve the surrender of our position in Egypt, and it seems (in this respect showing itself less childish than some others) to have a gloomy consciousness that the nasty medicine may have to be administered. It is not in the least grateful to the mediciners or anxious to see them at work; but Scotch babies are never quite so childish as English ones.

The interest of this *vagitus infantum* is all the greater because it is extremely difficult to assign any exact reason for the dislike of the political infants to the medicine. The ordinary remedial drugs of private life are, it may be admitted, not nice. We have known a boy with an unnatural appetite for brimstone and treacle, and senna in its natural state is rather peculiar than positively nasty. But salts, magnesia, the powder of the accursed Gregory, and so forth, are frankly and immitigably (as Mr. Henry James would say) detestable. Except Mr. Bright and a few other amiable fanatics, few people can discern anything more intrinsically abominable in a Conservative Government than in a Liberal one. The proportion of politicians so keen that the mere idea of their own party being "out" makes them miserable is certainly not very large in the nation. Even Dr. Parker does not really think that a Conservative Government would make him renounce Congregationalism (whatever Congregationalism is) or be burnt; and there are probably not one million people out of the five-and-thirty who could honestly put their hands on their hearts and say that they care a button for Franchise Bills, London Government Bills, or anything of the kind. The mystery can only be explained by once more falling back on the analogy of the nursery. A Conservative Government, by the ingenuity of those indefatigable story-tellers Messrs. Gladstone and Co., has become a simple bogey. Mr. Auberon Herbert, we see, shudders without knowing why at it. "At Kilve [the Gladstonian Kilve] there is, at any rate, no weathercock, and that's the reason why," we suppose, what with the constant assertions of press and platform for five years past that the Government of Lord Beaconsfield did things so divers and so disgusting that no fellow really could stand it, though no fellow can tell what they were; what with the assertions of platform and press that Mr. Gladstone's Government is the best of all possible Governments (though it is candidly admitted that it has done little else than make blunders), a great myth appears to have been got up and solidly established in nursery credence. And it must be owned that Ministers make very good use of the myth. Sir Charles Dilke has just calmly informed a correspondent who questioned the accuracy of a statement of his that he, Sir Charles, never "makes statements in public which it is subsequently necessary to modify." This attitude probably pays—with children. And yet, as we see, the children are not happy. They writhe very much, and they rub themselves piteously; but as for calling in that dreadful bogey of a Conservative Government, that you know can't be thought of. Mr. Auberon Herbert shudders at the bare idea. The rise, progress, and extinction of bogeys is always a pleasing phenomenon to the dispassionate observer. Unfortunately government by bogey is rather difficult to regard dispassionately when it involves the letting all the interests of the country go to rack and ruin.

THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

THE battle of Drumclog, fought June 1, 1679, though little more than a skirmish between a handful of dragoons and a rabble of ill-armed and undisciplined peasants, has for various reasons taken a place in history of more importance than its circumstances seem at first to warrant. It is, perhaps, most generally remembered, when remembered at all, for having furnished Walter Scott with a striking scene in one of the finest of his historical romances. But it also marks in the history of this kingdom the first appearance of a name more fiercely and more unjustly banned than almost any other in our annals—the name of John Graham, of Claverhouse; and it is noticeable, moreover, as the sole occasion

in which soldiers under his command were forced to show their backs to an enemy. Lastly, it is memorable as the turning-point in that long and bitter conflict between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism which, practically dating from the first of the great Scotch Covenants in 1557, saw only the beginning of the end in the Toleration Act of 1689. Previous to the day of Drumclog the resistance of the Covenanters, though always stubborn and persistent, had been, save for a few isolated cases, and for the abortive rising which ended in the Pentland Hills, strictly defensive. Some historians, Hume among the number, and the late Mr. Burton, have thought that the "vague bullying," as the latter has happily styled Lauderdale's early policy, was from the first designed to drive the Whigs (as they then began first to be called) into open rebellion, and so pave the way for more violent measures. It is clear that such a suspicion existed at the time in Scotland, and it certainly seems to receive some colour from the concluding sentence of the despatch in which Claverhouse sent the news of his defeat to Edinburgh; "this may be counted the beginning of the rebellion in my opinion." At any rate, whether the issue was foreseen or not, it was at Drumclog that the Covenanters first really took the war into their own hands, to reap three short weeks later the fruits of their victory in the rout and slaughter of Bothwell Bridge.

It is as well to remember that these men had by that time come to be very far indeed from the simple heroes and martyrs that certain writers, other than their own chroniclers, have delighted to represent them. The memory of their wrongs for a long while made it easy for later ages to forget how large a share they themselves by their unreasonable and violent conduct had in making those wrongs possible; while the savage and unrelenting persecution they suffered in the closing years of the struggle has, as usual in such cases, drawn a veil over the fearful vengeance they were never slow to take when chance threw it into their power. The deaths of John Brown and some others have set the seal of martyrdom alike on the ignorant and harmless peasants who wished only to worship God after their own fashion, and on the arrogant and bigoted fanatics who would not allow that He could be worshipped in any other; alike on the victims of James and on the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe.

It is a more common and yet greater error to suppose that these men represented the national feeling of Scotland, or were universally regarded by their countrymen as the champions of their liberty and religion. There is about as much reason for this belief as there would be for a historian a hundred years hence to represent the noisy and indecent mobs who infest our streets under the banners of "General" Booth as a national protest against the irreligion of the age. These men were the survivors of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1638, of which the bulk of the Scotch people, lay and clerical alike, had grown heartily weary in 1660. Ever since the "Mauchline Testimony" of 1648, and the abortive "Whigamore's Raid" which followed, the Western Lowlands had been the head-quarters of the extreme party, or Sectaries, as they were known among the more moderate. In the mountainous districts where the counties of Ayr and Lanark meet, a stern and uncompromising band of fanatics had been for some years preaching their wild crusade against all who were not prepared at all hazards to stand by the letter of the old Covenant, or rather by its spirit as interpreted by them. The toleration they demanded they would not stoop to give. No man should be free to worship God as he pleased; every man must worship Him in the way which seemed good to them, and in that way only. The moderate Presbyterians were as hateful to them as Charles himself and all his bishops, and they in their turn were as obnoxious to the bulk of their own countrymen as to the English Government. These "wild Western Whigs" stood between Scotland and peace. The great part of the nation, even of the clergymen, was loyal. They were weary of the endless squabbles which had vexed their Church since the days of Knox. The religious tyranny of the Puritans had grown as odious to them as to Englishmen, and the Restoration was welcomed with as much joy in Edinburgh as in London. It may be going too far to say, as some have said, that at that moment it would have been possible, by gentle measures, to persuade Scotland to accept a moderate form of Episcopacy; but there is no doubt that there was a very strong party then in the country anxious for a compromise between the two Churches, and willing to make all reasonable advances towards one. Unfortunately Charles, who no doubt had no very pleasant recollections of it, had conceived a violent antipathy to Presbyterianism. It was not, he said, "a religion for gentlemen"; and his Ministers were quite ready to agree with him. Gentle measures were the last to be adopted by such men as then held the destinies of Scotland in their hands. Middleton and Lauderdale, both seceders from the Covenant, and bitter against it with all the bitterness of renegades; Dalziel, the savage old soldier who lives in history as "Muscovy beast who roasted men"; Sharpe, in whom the Presbyterians trusted more than in any other man, and who rewarded their trust by accepting the bishopric of St. Andrew's. Compromise with such men was impossible; and many of those who would have gone all reasonable lengths to ensure it, and who, had they been fairly met, would have done more to keep the Sectaries quiet than all the Royal troops, now either stood sullenly aloof or openly joined their cause to those with whom they saw themselves unjustly classed. Affairs now marched rapidly to a crisis. The oath of the Covenant, once solemnly subscribed to by Charles himself, was proclaimed unlawful. The Estates, which Lauderdale had now brought into complete subservience to the King, passed Act after Act, each one more arbitrary and oppressive than the former. Nor did "the Indulgence" of 1669 mend matters. The "King's Curates," as those who accepted its terms were called, became soon even more hateful than the King himself; and the falling away of the weaker brethren served only to inflame the zeal and fury of the stronger. A body of troops under Sir James Turner were quartered on the peasantry of the disaffected shires, and the rising provoked by the insolence and brutality of his dragoons only brought upon the poor wretches the still heavier hand of Dalziel. A host of savage marauders was let loose on them from the Highlands, to return, when the outcry of their victims became too loud even for Lauderdale's indifference, laden with plunder, as though, says a historian, "they had been at the sacking of some besieged town." The appointment of James as Lord High Commissioner put the last touch to the tale of folly, misrule, and cruelty.

It was at this juncture that Claverhouse appeared on the scene. He was then thirty-five years old. Born in 1643, a cadet of the noble house of Montrose, he had followed the fashion of most young men of good blood but poor fortune, and gone over sea to learn the art of war. First under Turenne, and then under William himself, he had served with distinction, and is said to have saved the latter's life at Seneffe. In 1678 he returned to Scotland, bringing with him a high character for courage and capacity, and, according to one account, a recommendation from William himself to the Duke of York. He was warmly welcomed. The young Marquess of Montrose, grandson of the "great Marquess," who had just received the command of the Royal Horse Guards, pressed on his kinsman a commission in his own regiment, as "a step to a much more considerable employment." The offer was accepted, and the employment was not long coming. In the autumn of that year three new regiments of cavalry were raised for service in Scotland, and one of these was at the King's express desire given to Claverhouse.

The first few months of his command were passed in patrolling the disaffected districts, dispersing Conventicles, examining suspected persons, and sending such as could not give a good account of themselves prisoners to Edinburgh or Glasgow. The work must have been singularly distasteful to one who had seen war under such great captains as William and Turenne. Yet it was performed as efficiently as circumstances allowed, and with as much moderation as was consistent with a soldier's obedience to orders. The crimes which have been laid to his charge, if committed at all, belong to a later period. It was soon clear to him, however, that he had to deal with very different men from the rabble which his predecessors had cowed. The cause of the persecuted had been taken up by a small body of men as savage and ruthless as the worst of their persecutors; men in whom all ideas of liberty of conscience or of religion had become merged in one overmastering thought of vengeance; men in whose mouths was day and night but one text from that book by which they professed to be guided—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Chief among these was David Hackston of Rathillet, a gentleman of family and fortune, who had been a free-liver in his youth, but was now one of the most bigoted of fanatics; Robert Hamilton, also of gentle blood, but a gloomy fatalist as savage as Dalziel himself; and John Balfour of Burley, Hackston's brother-in-law, whom Scott has immortalized. Even Wodrow, the author of that History of the Church of Scotland which has furnished Macaulay with his ideal portrait of Claverhouse, was forced to own that "about this time matters were running to sad heights among the armed followers of some of the field-meetings." One of Claverhouse's soldiers, who had been left sick at a farmhouse, was murdered in cold blood. Two others were fired at as they sat at breakfast in an inn-parlour. On May 3 the brutal deed on Magus Moor roused all Scotland into horror. The Covenanters had now thrown down the gauntlet, and they determined not to be idle. The 29th of May, the King's birthday, had been appointed by the Estates a day of general rejoicing for his restoration. It was chosen by Hamilton and his party as the day for some signal act of defiance. Glasgow was originally designed for the scene, but a day or two previously Claverhouse had marched into that city from Falkirk, and the little town of Rutherglen, lying about two miles to the west, was selected instead. On the morning of the 29th, Hamilton, Hackston, and Burley, at the head of some eighty horse, rode into the town, extinguished the bonfires lit in the King's honour, and kindled one of their own, in which they burned all the Acts of Parliament and Royal proclamations they could lay hands on. They then affixed an insolent and seditious declaration of their own to the town-cross, and, after singing a psalm, withdrew unmolested and at their leisure.

Claverhouse was quickly after them. His patrols scoured the country round, while he himself with the main body of his regiment held south towards the Ayrshire borders, where he had news that a large gathering of the insurgents was to meet on the following Sunday, June 1. Some few prisoners were taken; three men of the Rutherglen party, and an outlawed minister, one King, famous for his eloquence at the Conventicles. With these the troops reached Strathavon early on Sunday morning, and after a short rest continued their march towards Loudon Hill, where the Covenanters were reported to be gathering in force.

The report was true. Two miles to the east of the hill, an abrupt and craggy eminence which marks the meeting of the three shires of Ayr, Lanark, and Renfrew, lay the little hamlet and farm of Drumclog, a barren stretch of swampy moorland even

now but sparsely covered with coarse meadow grass. South and north the ground sloped gently down towards a marshy bottom through which ran a stream, or dyke, fringed with stunted alder bushes. Towards the foot of the southern slope the Covenanters were drawn up, and the practised eye of Claverhouse saw at a glance that they had gathered there not to pray but to fight. Their position was a strong one, and their numbers, badly armed as the most of them were, made them no contemptible foe, even for the King's dragoons, on ground where cavalry could with difficulty be brought into action. As usual it is impossible to estimate with any exactness the force on either side. Wodrow, whose business it of course was to magnify Claverhouse's defeat as much as possible, puts the strength of the Covenanters at two hundred fighting men and about forty horse, and this number has been accepted by Mr. Burton. According to Hamilton, however, six days after the battle they mustered between five and six thousand men, and it is reasonable therefore to suppose that they were considerably over two hundred on the day. It is probable that the report Scott makes Lord Evandale bring into his chief is about correct. Claverhouse's own despatch—that one which Scott says was spelled "like a chambermaid"—puts them at four battalions of foot and three squadrons of horse, which would go near to tally with the thousand men reported by Evandale. They were drawn up in three lines; those who had firearms being placed nearest to the dyke, behind them a body of pikemen, and in the rear the rest armed with scythes set on poles, pitchforks, goads, and other such rustic weapons. On either flank was a small body of mounted men. Hamilton was in command; Burley had charge of the horse; and among others present that day was William Cleland, then but sixteen years old, who ten years later was to win a nobler title to fame by a glorious death at the head of his Cameronians in the memorable defence of Dunkeld.

Neither of Claverhouse's force is there any precise record. His command is in the writings of the time indiscriminately styled a regiment and a troop. The strength of a regiment then was very much less than what it is, or should be, now, and seems from a passage in Macaulay's famous third chapter to have numbered not much more than two hundred men. Scott puts the King's troops at Drumclog at two hundred and fifty men, and, as Claverhouse had left a detachment behind in garrison at Glasgow, this is probably over rather than under the mark. The only officers he mentions by name are Captain Blyth and Cornet Crawford, or Crafford as he spells it, both of whom fell at the first discharge. The episode of his nephew's death, while parleying under a flag of truce, is one of the felicitous touches with which Scott knew so well to heighten history; though he only followed an old ballad in reckoning a kinsman of Claverhouse's among the killed. Claverhouse himself rode that day, not the famous black charger tradition has assigned to him and invested with supernatural powers, the "war-horse black as night" on which Aytoun has mounted him in his fine ballad of "Killiecrankie," but a sorrel, according to Scott; according to his own letter a "rone."

The description of the fight in *Old Mortality* is an admirable specimen of the style in which the great novelist could work the scantiest materials to his will. All contemporary accounts of the fray are singularly meagre and confused, including Claverhouse's own despatch, which has other faults than those of spelling, of which he seems himself to have been sensible by his apology to his correspondent Linlithgow for being "so wearied and so sleapy that I have wryton this very confusedly." It began with a sharp skirmish of musketry on both sides. In this the dragoons—who were distinguished then from the regular cavalry, holding much the position of our mounted infantry of the present day—got much the best of it. The Covenanters answered with spirit; but both in their weapons and their skill were naturally far inferior to the royal troops. Meanwhile Claverhouse had sent out a detachment on either flank to discover a passage by which the stream might be crossed. This they could not do; but, unable to manœuvre with ease in the swampy ground, found instead their saddles emptying fast. The Covenanters, seeing that they were no match at long bowls for the dragoons, and observing the confusion in the cavalry, resolved on an advance. By crossings known only to themselves, Burley led his horse round on one flank, and young Cleland, with the bulk of the foot, followed on the other. Claverhouse attempted to recall his men; but in the deep and broken ground the footmen had all the best of it. The scythes and pitchforks made sad work among the poor floundering horses. The roan charger itself was so badly wounded that, in the rider's forcible language, "its guts hung out half an elle," and yet the brave beast "caryed me alf an myl." The cavalry began to fall back, and Burley, coming up on sound ground with his horse, flung himself on them so hotly that the retreat became something very like a rout. Claverhouse did all that a brave man could, but his men had now got completely out of hand. "I saved the standarts," he says, and "mad the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer"; but he makes no attempt to disguise his defeat. He owns to having lost on the field eight or ten men among the cavalry, besides wounded; "but the dragoons lost many mor." As they galloped pell-mell through Strathavon the townsfolk drew out to cut them off; "but we took courage and fell to them, made them run, leaving a dousain on the place." The Covenanters seem to have lost only five or six men, among whom was one of Sharpe's murderers. This does not speak very well for their opponent's fire; but it must be remembered that we have only their own historians to go by. Claverhouse himself could say no more than that "they ar not com easily af on the other side, for I saw severall of them fall before we cam to the shok." Several prisoners fell into the victors' hands. Of these five were spared before Hamilton returned from the pursuit. His orders had been strict that no quarter should be given that day; and, furious that any of "Babel's brats" should be let go, he slew one defenceless wretch with his own hand, to stay any such unseasonable spirit of mercy, lest "the Lord would not honour us to do much more for him"! It is tolerably clear that, even had Claverhouse been the "rapacious, violent, obdurate, and profane" monster of Macaulay's History, the "Hell wicked-witted, bloodthirsty Graham" of a contemporary chronicler, it would not have been hard to match him among his victims.

DR. HATCH'S ERASTIAN PARADOX.

MANY of our readers will be aware that four years ago the Bampton Lectures at Oxford were preached by Mr. Edwin Hatch, Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall, who took for his subject the *Organization of the Early Christian Churches*, which he treated rather on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as his main object was to prove that they had no regular organization or ministry of their own at all. Dr. Hatch, who has now become Rector of Purleigh, discoursed on much the same theme three weeks ago in the Jerusalem Chamber, taking for his text the recently discovered *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, which he used, according to his reporter in the *Guardian*, to illustrate or confirm the "Hyper-Arnoldian" theory of the Bamptons, and in order to emphasize the force of its testimony, he fixed the date half a century earlier than that generally adopted by critics. It would be obvious at the first blush to remark on this that, if any inference against what Dr. Hatch calls "sacerdotalism" is to be drawn from the confessedly imperfect sacramental teaching of the "Διδαχή"—which the *disciplina arcani* would abundantly explain—the entire omission of any reference whatever to the Atonement and "the doctrines of grace" must present a still graver perplexity to the great majority of Christians of every school or Communion. And in fact this has led some critics to attribute the treatise to Ebionite authorship. Meanwhile we are told that, as regards the Sacraments generally, "the tendency of the lecture was to minimize the importance, almost to deny the necessity, of any means of grace," while "it was more than hinted that the Eucharist was but a social meal, in which people were to be physically well filled, though he painfully laboured to explain away the word Sacrifice, which herein (in the *Teaching*) is applied to it"—with direct reference, we may add, to the prediction in Malachi i. 11. But with his Bamptons and his comments on the *Teaching of the Apostles* we are not here immediately concerned. He has returned to the charge in an article on "The Historical Assumptions of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission" in the *Contemporary Review*, which strikes, if not a bolder, a shriller note, traversing as it does with a point-blank denial "the assumptions" which have been generally accepted, by friend and foe alike, as obvious and fundamental axioms of Church history from the beginning. He starts indeed by telling us, with a frankness which leaves nothing to be desired, that he is directly and purposely challenging the fundamental principle of Anglicanism. "The Church of England exists . . . by virtue of an appeal to antiquity. Professedly basing its doctrine and organization on Scripture, it bases them in fact on early interpretations of Scripture and early institutions which are conceived to be in harmony with Scripture. Its great divines have given to this appeal an elaborate form." And "the movements which began in 1834 [1833?] has been a succession of appeals to history," and "has been thought, on the whole, to have made good its ground." It is this fundamental principle, which one might have supposed would be at once admitted as an evident truism, alike by those who do and those who do not accept the Christian revelation, that Dr. Hatch sets himself to controvene.

We have no intention here of reopening the question of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission Report, which has already been discussed in our columns, or of reviewing the historical vindication appended to it, further than to observe that the Bishop of Chester may safely be assumed to be quite equal to the task of defending himself against Dr. Hatch. Still less shall we enter on the controversy, which some part of his argument necessarily involves, between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. The main issue raised is a purely historical one, and in that sense only will be dealt with here. The writer's view of the matter, if we rightly understand him, is closely akin to the late Dean Stanley's. He does not so much argue that the Church is, or ought to be, subordinate to the State, as that it has not, and from the nature of the case cannot have, any authority or corporate existence apart from the State; it has neither creeds, officers, rules, nor principles of its own, except so far as the State has created and sanctioned them. To quote his own historical summary:—"So far from their having been independent of the civil power, that power has been the means by which God has not only given to the Christian communities an external form and unity, but also shaped for them their discipline and their doctrine." It would be difficult to formulate the absolute non-existence of the Church, or any part of the Church, as an independent spiritual body in clearer or more emphatic language. And the object of the paper is to establish this estimate of the case as the verdict of history.

We cannot of course pretend to do more, within our present limits, than touch on a few salient points of the argument; to examine it in detail would be to write a complete Church history. And we notice at the very opening a strange contradiction. The leading fallacy of the Report—which, but for the high character of the Commissioners, would more than suggest, as is broadly hinted, "the suspicion of disingenuousness"—is their assumption that the ecclesiastical system of the middle ages is based on that of the early Church. Such an assumption is, to say the least, not an unnatural one; but the odd thing about Dr. Hatch's criticism is that, on his own showing, the Commissioners find more support for their views of ecclesiastical independence in the example of the early than of the mediæval Church, and he ends by roundly asserting that it is the condition of the early Church, before the conversion of the Empire, to which "the sacerdotal party" really desire to return. Of course he has his own explanation of this comparative independence of the early Church. It was independent, not because it was a self-governed Society, but because it had no government, and was in a state of pure anarchy, or at least pure Congregationalism, till the State came to the rescue. "In matters of discipline each community seems to have been at liberty to act for itself"; and they had no creeds. "It was not until the Christian communities acted in concert with the State that there is any evidence of their having combined as a single body for united action, or of their having had either common rules of discipline or a common formula of belief." Yet the one fact cited from Church history before the time of Constantine—because it involved an appeal to the secular arm—which Dr. Hatch even calls "the governing case," tells directly against this view of the facts. We are reminded how, when Paul of Samosata in the third century refused to recognize the verdict of the Synod which condemned him, and retained possession of his church and see-house at Antioch, the Bishops appealed to the heathen Emperor Aurelian, who accepted the decision of the Bishop of Rome in the matter and ejected him. This looks very much as if the Church had both a discipline and doctrine of her own, so well ascertained that the civil power could hardly decline in matters affecting property rights to give effect to it. As to the appeal to the Roman and Italian bishops, it was natural enough that the Emperor should take the Bishop of his Imperial city and his Suffragans as the best exponents of Church doctrine, and their sentence in fact simply reaffirmed that of the local Synod.

But after the conversion of Constantine, when "the Catholic Church"—itself a mere creature and "denotation of Roman law"—first began to act in concert and to have a common rule of discipline and faith, for this she was indebted wholly to the beneficent intervention of the State. And here again two crucial cases are cited, which to any one moderately familiar with the history of the period will appear to prove just the opposite of what the writer's argument requires—the Council of Nice, and the Donatist Schism. As to the former, it is true that the first Œcumenical Council was summoned by Constantine—according to some at the suggestion of Pope Silvester, according to others by the advice of Hosius—in any case certainly acting under episcopal guidance. It is also true that he pointedly disclaimed at its opening all right to interfere with the doctrinal decision of the controversy, and that it in fact decided in a sense exactly opposite to what he desired and had strongly urged beforehand in his letter to the Bishop of Alexandria, preserved by Eusebius, where he treats the question at issue between Arius and Athanasius as a mere quarrel about words, and wishes it to be arranged on the modern Broad Church plan of "agreeing to differ." What the Council did was to excommunicate Arius, and to formulate the Nicene Creed; and when for half a century afterwards the civil power took the Arian side, and actually persecuted the orthodox, the Church held to her decision and the Arians had eventually to succumb. That hardly looks as if "the civil power shaped the doctrine" of the Church. As to the Donatist Schism, the statement—it is a mere statement without attempt at proof—that "the question formally raised was formally decided *by the State*" is so marvellous that we hardly know how to deal seriously with it. Readers who know little more of theology or Church history than may be gained from Dr. Newman's *Apologia* will be familiar with the famous dictum of St. Augustine, *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* It was the Synods of the Church which condemned Donatism, though it is unfortunately true that their authority was for a time vindicated by an appeal to "the *ultima ratio* of the sword," which however the murderous violence of the Circumcellions had provoked. Passing over for want of space the case of St. Ambrose and Palladius, which prove less than nothing for the Erastian argument, we come to the notorious *Henoticon* of the fifth century, of which Dr. Hatch thinks it enough to tell us that "the Emperors themselves *sometimes* promulgated doctrines, and anathematized those who declined to accept them." We doubt if he could point to any other instance of this, and the single exception is just of the kind which clinches and confirms the rule. Zeno did what Constantine vainly sought to induce the bishops of his day to do, but did not venture to do himself; he slurred over by an imperial edict—composed by or under the direction of Acacius, Bishop of Constantinople—a dispute held to concern matters of faith. The immediate result was, in Milman's words, "without reconciling the two original conflicting parties, to give rise to a third." Meanwhile the edict was at once condemned by Pope Simplician, and the first act of his successor, Felix, next year was to condemn it afresh at the head of a Synod as "an audacious proceeding of the Emperor who dared to dictate articles of faith, and seedplot of impiety," and to anathematize Acacius and all the bishops who had subscribed it. The Patriarch of Constantinople for awhile adhered to the Emperor, and a schism of East and West followed, but it was only through the abandonment of the Henoticon that it was eventually healed. Neander speaks in the same sense as Milman. As to Dr. Hatch's idea that, "supposing the support of the State had continued to be given to the decisions of the Council of Ephesus"—by which he means the *Latrocinium* of 449—"and the Council of Chalcedon (which condemned it two years later) had never been held, there is strong reason for believing" that Eutychianism would have become the dominant creed, it is enough to observe that the discussion of such arbitrary hypotheses, as to what would have happened if the course of Church history had been wholly different from what it was, are about as profitable as the discussion of the problem, once raised by an Evangelical preacher, as to "what would have happened to the four vast continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, if Eve had never eaten that fatal apple."

Dr. Hatch admits that with the fall of the Roman Empire a considerable change came over the state of things, but he endeavours to show that "the control of the civil power over both doctrine and discipline does not diminish as we approach the threshold of the middle ages," which is true, as no such control as he supposes had ever existed. He naturally makes the most of the influence exercised by Charlemagne on ecclesiastical legislation, but is of course obliged to allow that the whole Carolingian system "depended on the personality of the Emperor" and very soon fell to pieces after his death. And when he dwells on the legislation of mixed parliaments—like some of the Councils of Toledo—in which both laity and spiritualty took part, he seems to forget that this means something very different from the ecclesiastical legislation of mixed assemblies of the kind in our own day. With very few exceptions the only educated class of the community in that age were the clergy, who therefore exercised a preponderant control even over civil legislation, and would be pretty sure to have the practical decision of all spiritual questions debated in such assemblies left in their hands. A skilful but very inaccurate use is made of the Isidorian decretals, compiled about the middle of the ninth century, which did in truth form "the historical beginning of that enormous change in ecclesiastical judicature which distinguishes the middle ages from earlier Christian times." But the change did not consist, as is here intimated, in the transformation of an Erastian into an ecclesiastical system of Church government, but in the consolidation of the Papal monarchy by a gradual subordination or extinction of the hierarchical, metropolitan, and synodical rights which had previously counterbalanced and limited it. Dr. Hatch's "historical argument," in short, is not that a true Church system was gradually corrupted into a false one, but that there was never, properly speaking, any real Church system at all; the Church never had any corporate life, except as a fraction of the civil administration. Of this view, which might be subjected to a far more searching exposure than we have room for here, we must be content to say, in the author's own words, "with such a theory the facts of history are altogether inconsistent." It may further be doubted whether such a Church as is here sketched out, apart from its unhistorical basis, would, if it existed, be of any greater practical service for religious purposes than "the Church of Humanity," which has of late been so assiduously preached to us.

THE PARIS SALON.

ALTHOUGH the average quality of the work displayed is no worse than usual, this year's exhibition is in many ways disappointing. This is especially the case with the "Salon Carré," where the most important pictures, with two exceptions, are placed. Here we find the most ambitious picture which M. Bouguereau has hitherto painted. The subject chosen is "La Jeunesse de Bacchus." A more carefully balanced composition it would be impossible to find, and the figures, nineteen in number, are fitted into the canvas with matchless dexterity; but, in spite of these merits, and of the amount of academic learning displayed in the drawing of the figures, the result obtained is anything but agreeable. The cunningly contrived contortions of the figures convey no impression of movement, and, as usual, M. Bouguereau's colour is suggestive of wax and butter rather than of flesh. In the same room hangs a picture of heroic proportions by M. Cormon, painted for the pre-historic museum at St. Germain, the subject chosen being the return from a bear-hunt in the Age of Stone. This is a grievously disappointing picture, and shows a marked falling off from the "Cain," of which we spoke at some length on a former occasion. The general effect is terribly heavy, and the manner in which the work is conceived is rather worthy of an operatic scene-painter than of a great imaginative artist such as M. Cormon has proved himself to be. Few men, indeed, could cope with the technical difficulties which such a work presents; but this does not prevent the work itself from possessing a distinctly ludicrous side. The group of stalwart ruffians who have brought home the bear in triumph is distinctly French—we had almost said Parisian—and its members appear from the melodramatic attitudes which they assume to be familiar with the "Porte St.-Martin." At the door of a large rude hut sits an old man somewhat resembling Mr. Walt Whitman, who is apparently much disgusted at being diverted from his occupation of whittling

a thick stick which he nurses on his knees. It is an inexplicable circumstance that the women, whose costume is as scanty as that of the sun-browned men, should be represented with white skins. M. Raphael Collin's "Été" is a work of considerable charm, very delicate, though perhaps a trifle lifeless in its scheme of colour; there is an indefinable grace in the distant figure of the woman half wading, half swimming, in the river, which, with its thick border of trees, forms the background of the picture. There is a delicious group of three figures on the bank—those in the foreground are perhaps not quite free from the charge of affectation and a tendency to incorrect drawing. They show, however, a feeling for beauty of line which is rarely to be met with. One of the most admirable and powerful works in modern French art is the "Vengeance d'Urbain VI.," by M. Jean-Paul Laurens. The picture represents an "oubliette," in which the Pope stands feasting his revenge on the sight of the bodies of certain cardinals who lie in their red robes at the foot of the wall before him. The scene is carried out with great dramatic force, and with that highest form of technical ability which makes one forget the means employed in the end attained.

Another very powerful picture is M. Aimé Morot's "El Bravo Toro," an incident in a bull-fight rendered with scrupulous fidelity. The bull has charged an unlucky horse up against the barrier where another horse lies dead. The perfect drawing of the group, and the contrast between the furious movement of the bull and of the horse falling backwards, with the impassive pose of the picador standing in the stirrups with lance directed downwards to the bull's neck, and the carefully-studied expressions of the crowd behind, would have delighted Théophile Gautier's heart beyond measure. There is much beauty in M. Jules Breton's picture of "Les Communiantes," although it is far from ranking with the exquisite work he exhibited last year. "Sur la Route en Hiver," by the same artist, is flimsy and affected. It is with no small satisfaction that we can assert that the foremost place in landscape in this year's Salon is taken by an Englishman. The works exhibited by Mr. Harry Thompson show an alliance of poetic genius with thoroughly sound execution which makes one think of the greatest names of landscape art while looking at what he has produced, although we must add that his pictures are thoroughly original both in selection of subject and in manner of execution. The titles of his pictures are "Un Vieux Chemin—Picardie" and "Un Calvaire—Moutons." Of the two, we prefer the last, which has the sea for background. The cross from which the picture takes its name has fallen against the boughs of a tree which occupies the right-hand corner of the canvas; a few sheep, followed by the shepherd, whose eyes are directed to the cross, stray among the long grass; the remainder of the flock has taken refuge under the lee of a steep bank sloping towards the sea. We can attempt no further description of a work of which the truthfulness far above mere realism springs from a highly poetic nature. The companion picture displays one of those grand sweeps of hill, with a heavy mass of cloud on the horizon, which Mr. Thompson knows so well how to render. The sheep in the foreground are admirably treated. M. Nozal's "Etang de la Mer-Rouge à Brenne" shows a remarkable feeling for the beauty of nature—it is a work of great promise. M. Nozal also exhibits two pastels of very high excellence. A picture of the sands at Grandcamp at low tide affords a good example of M. Pelouse; the drawing and perspective are faultless, and the construction of the sky is thoroughly workmanlike, but we wish that this artist would abandon the chocolate-like scheme of colour in which he has indulged for the last few years. M. Adrien Demont exhibits a landscape, "La Nuit," of singular beauty—an expanse of undulating hills, with a pool formed by the waste water from a stone cistern in the foreground. Land and clouds are bathed in a soft luminous atmosphere, admirably felt and rendered. With a very few other exceptions the landscapes exhibited this year are wofully commonplace, and somewhat below the usual level of workmanship. Among these exceptions we may mention "La Sieste," by M. Durst; "Marécage," by M. Yon, and Montenard's "Village de Sixfours," which may fairly rank with his best productions. The unlading of a cargo of oranges and lemons at Toulon, also by M. Montenard, is a brilliant piece of colouring. We have already said that the general effect of this year's exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie is unsatisfactory. We must add that we are more than compensated for this disappointment by the magnificent decorative work of M. Puvis de Chavannes. "Le Bois sacré, cher aux Arts et aux Muses," is, in our opinion, the finest work the master has yet produced. The noble simplicity of the groups of figures and the broad grandeur of the landscape are beyond all praise. The reflection in slightly troubled water of a brilliant yellow sky and a crescent moon has a majestic splendour of colour that we have rarely seen approached. If we have any fault to find in this great work of imagination, it must be with two figures of boys in the right-hand corner, which seem unfortunately weak in drawing and perhaps somewhat wanting in intention. "La Maladie; la Convalescence—diptyque," by M. Besnard, shows decorative qualities of a high order, and a power of draughtsmanship far above the average. In a Salon which, it must be confessed, is singularly poor in portraits, M. Besnard takes a foremost place with his admirable portrait of M. Francis Magnard, which displays extraordinary vitality and precision of modelling, and (in water-colour) of M. Legros, looking round from the etching-table at which he is seated. The perfect resemblance and the life that abounds in the face and hands, and in the sudden movement which is indicated in every fold of the coat, make this the work of an artist of genius. The accessories are dealt with in masterly fashion, and the simplicity of the means employed is beyond all praise. We may also call attention to a portrait of M. E. Bock, by M. Henry Rachou, which is alike excellent in the power of seizing character which it betrays and in its truth of colour and sterling honesty of execution. Mr. Sargent's portrait of a lady is the most disquieting object that eyes ever looked upon. The hideous colour and the fantastic drawing which Mr. Sargent has brought together in this strange work fairly puzzle the will. Mr. Whistler's portraits of Carlyle and of Miss Alexander are probably familiar to our readers. We may state that the portrait of Carlyle appears to have gained much from time. M. Ribot's "Portrait de ma Fille" is worthy of his great reputation, and is very impressive in effect. M. Henner is seen at his best in "Nymphe qui pleure," a kneeling figure, with M. Henner's usual conventional background. The colour of the flesh and hair is of unapproachable brilliancy, and the transitions from light to shadow are exquisitely subtle. His "Christ au Tombeau" is painfully mannered. To M. Bompard honour is due for exhibiting the "Frenchiest" picture in the Salon. In his "Boucher Tunisien" we have livers, lights, and all manner of viscera, besides the amorously wrought print of a bloody hand on a wall.

To turn to more engaging subjects, M. Heilbuth sends a deliciously fresh river-scene entitled "Promenade," with ladies in a boat in the foreground. One of the marked successes of the year is "A la salle Graffard," by M. Jean Béraud. The picture represents a revolutionary meeting. A joyously disreputable orator, with hand uplifted and the inevitable glass of sugar-and-water by his side, shouts from the "tribune," to the huge delight of a crowd of men and women enveloped in tobacco-smoke, while a group of imperturbable reporters write at a table. The execution is wonderfully dexterous, and the various types of character are portrayed with rare felicity. Altogether, we suspect that M. Béraud would pass a very bad quarter of an hour if the Commune were to regain power in Paris. M. Benjamin Constant contributes the best work he has hitherto produced. "Les Chérifas" is, in fact, a *chef d'œuvre* of Oriental painting. The flesh painting of the figures of the women who lie listlessly on the gorgeous divan against the wall of the harem is admirably rich, and the figure of the woman sitting with her body sharply upright and arms down is wonderful in its *allure*. The flash and colour of the jewels she wears are marvellously rendered, and the treatment of texture is throughout fairly astonishing in its perfection. The picture is perfectly enveloped in a rich half-light, while two brilliant sunbeams strike the wall above the figures, and broad daylight streams on the figure of the guard at the door in one corner. M. Lefebvre is not seen to advantage in a vaporous chalky female figure, entitled "L'Aurore"; neither can we see anything to admire in M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Hamlet et les Fossoyeurs." His Hamlet is an unmistakable Frenchman of rather an objectionable type, and there is an offensive spruceness about the whole picture. His portrait of M. Courtois has many good qualities. M. Van Marcke's absence is keenly felt among the painters of animals, although we find a fine picture of cows—"Pâturage—environs de la Haye," by M. Mauve. M. Vuillefroy sends two good pictures of cattle, and M. Guignard exhibits a clever study of a calf being fed. The most powerful animal picture exhibited is that by M. Dupré, "La Prairie Normande"—a girl with two cows in a Normandy meadow—a work which shows great vigour and power of technique. Mr. Dannat sends a remarkable picture of a Spanish interior entitled "Un Quatuor," and Mr. Hawkins shows a marked advance in "Pauvres Gens," a subject taken from a poem by M. Coppée. There is a great refinement of feeling in this picture. M. Comerre's "Pierrot" is an elaborate study in white, showing wonderful facility of execution. "La Rentrée," by M. Israels, is fully worthy of his name. We conclude by calling attention to two beautiful and original little pictures by M. Menard, "Les premiers Astronomes" and "Ruth et Booz," and to a conscientious study of a head, "Une Vénitienne," by Mr. Bottomley.

SOUTHWELL AND LICHFIELD.

ON Wednesday and Thursday of last week there were functions in two adjacent Cathedrals in the rolling woody midlands which had, formally speaking, nothing to do with each other, but which could hardly be dissociated in thought by those to whom the rapid and general development of the Cathedral system in England is a matter of great interest as much for its practical utility as for its artistic attractiveness. Out of the two counties which make up the fresh diocese of Southwell, Nottinghamshire is a clear gainer by the new creation which has set up the see-town in its midst. In ancient times the county was a spur of the north, projecting into midland England as a member both of the province and of the diocese of York, boasting of old days of its Archbishop's palace at Southwell, and proud of its collegiate church at the same place. Southwell Minster was a collegiate church, in the size and beauty of the structure as well as in legal incidents and in its remote antiquity, but it had been afflicted with a constitution which seemed as if intended to reduce the theory of corporate churches to an absurdity, for it had sixteen prebendaries, but no dean or other head, and its statutes only demanded quadrennial residence.

In the innovating days of 1840 and the following years

the Chapter of Southwell, which might have been made useful, as the collegiate churches of Manchester and Ripon were in being constituted seats of new bishoprics, was doomed to gradual extinction, and Notts itself was carried over to the province of Canterbury and diocese of Lincoln, near which it lay conveniently, but to which it had been from the earliest days of English Christianity a perfect stranger. Abortive projects of a Bishop of Southwell were breathed from time to time and died away, till Sir Richard Cross arose to make them a reality. We cannot say so much as to the advantage which has accrued to the other county which has helped to make up the see of Southwell. Derbyshire had never had a bishop of its own, but it had for twelve hundred years belonged to what Dr. Ridding picturesquely called the imperial see of Lichfield, and now it continues to have no bishop of its own and to be involved in the moil and toil of organizing a new ecclesiastical community. Still we believe that the sacrifice is for the present a necessity, as we are convinced, and as we have taken occasion to say, that Southwell is the only possible see-town for the diocese which includes Nottingham and Derby.

The diocese of Southwell having by great munificence been constituted, and Dr. Ridding having been consecrated first Bishop, he was enthroned in the old minster, now transformed into a cathedral, on Wednesday in last week with general contentment. The church, full as it is of ecclesiological interest and beauty, looked its best, the altar in its seemly appointments was a landmark of progress, the day was fine, the ceremonial was decorously and solemnly ritual (not ritualistic), the gathering of clergy was multitudinous, and lay folk thronged, the one defect being the shortcoming of territorial magnates. The Bishop's sermon was in excellent English, and not incapable of being glossed according to the hearer's prepossessions. As, however, the upshot seemed to be no persecution, persons were in general well content.

This is not the time to describe the minster. We need only say that it enters the ranks of English Cathedrals with very distinct characteristics. The broad and massive Norman nave, with the flat pilaster-like shafts to the triforium, and the circular clerestory lights, form a type of the style which is not Durham, or Ely, or Waltham. The Early Pointed choir is less distinctive, but is beautiful; while the Middle Pointed octagonal Chapter-house with its carvings of foliage, while much smaller than those of York, Wells, and Westminster, is of a like artistic quality. The conical cappings have been replaced on the two western of the three Norman towers, and in place of the ruined Palace at the west end, the generosity of Bishop Trollope and of others is raising hard by a new pile, of which a very successful hall designed by Mr. Bodley, has been completed.

The function at Lichfield was more elaborate in its details, although of a less exceptional character than the one at Southwell, and it was linked with the permanent embellishment of the structure. Between a quarter of a century and thirty years back Lichfield, then ruled by Dean Howard, under the advice of Sir Gilbert Scott, took an early lead in the now universal work of Cathedral restoration, and we remember that we called attention at the time to the phenomenon, then less a matter of course than it has since become, of the ceremonial of the reopening having evoked an external demonstration of popular favour. Since that day Lichfield has gone on, with various changes of Bishop, Dean, and Canons, holding, and more than holding, its own among cathedrals that work and are felt until the present Dean, Dr. Bickersteth, resolved upon an effort to supply the feature still most chiefly wanting towards the old completeness of the pile. The interior had been carefully and richly restored, whitewash had given way to the delicate rose-coloured stone, a series of modern monuments of unusual merit had gradually thronged the east end; while outside the three spires stood up far and near a unique landmark. But the western façade, which had in the middle ages vied with Wells and Salisbury in its well-grouped ranges of effigies, now only showed a crumbling mass of grimy plaster shams and a few battered figures. This was what the Dean resolved upon setting right, and he has carried through his bold intention. The west end, under Mr. J. O. Scott's care, is now of red sandstone, and most of the effigies have been placed on their renewed pedestals. These, without being of the highest art, adequately and congruously make up a telling architectural picture. A large proportion are the handiwork of Miss Grant. A rather less pronounced action in some of the figures would have been preferable.

With a restored west front came a restored organ and elaborate services, while processions and thronging congregations celebrated the double incident. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached one of the sermons, and again took the opportunity of expounding that theory of the place of cathedrals in the economy of the Church of which he has so firm a grasp, and which, as enforced by one in his position, is likely to bear good fruit. During the present week Lichfield Cathedral has become the scene of another experiment in the practical working of the Cathedral system, for its Bishop held there a Diocesan Synod, the first since the Reformation, of its clergy, now reduced to Staffordshire and half Salop. This Synod was not merely one of clerical delegates, which was all that Bishop Phillpotts attempted at Exeter in 1851, but of all the clergy of the diocese.

A WINTER WALK IN GERMANY.

THERE is a great difference between the serious student and the mere collector of folk-lore. If the work of the former is to possess any value, he must be a man of wide reading, of large linguistic attainments, and of considerable critical ability. None of these things are requisite in him who is content simply to record the songs, the legends, and the superstitions of the people, as Sir Walter Scott did, long before they were supposed to possess a scientific value or the earliest of his published poems was planned. The wider the collector's knowledge is, the greater his pleasure, both in acquiring and arranging his materials, will doubtless become; but the only gifts the pursuit demands in him at starting are a facility in conversing with country people of all classes, and a strict accuracy in noting down what they say. It is only fair to add that in Northern Europe he is not likely to find much that is absolutely new. Earlier writers have borne away the rich sheaves of the harvest, and he must be content to glean after them. Besides this, the beliefs and usages of which he is in search are rapidly dying out, and it must be confessed that the survivals of the spirit-world display a lamentable want of originality; the same tale is told of a dozen haunted castles, and the ghost of one churchyard has usually contracted the idiotic habits of his kinsman in the next. Such treasures as those contained in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* and Grimm's *Fairy Tales* are no longer to be found in the countries that once yielded them so freely. The collector is as unlikely to discover a new fairy-tale as a new butterfly; he must be content with variations and comparatively unimportant superstitions. But the search for these has a charm; it may prove the motive of many a pleasant ramble, it adds a zest to more distant excursions, and enables him to pass not unpleasantly one of the rainy days which are the chief annoyance of those who travel on foot. Above all, it brings him constantly into contact with the simplest and most healthy forms of human life; and this in itself is an advantage. He learns to love the company of old people and little children, and is pretty certain never to become an admirer of M. Zola.

Though Germany has been more fully explored in this direction than almost any other country, it still possesses peculiar attractions for the collector. The peasantry in the Centre and the South are more easily accessible than English farm-labourers, and their minds are more richly stored with the wisdom and foolishness of the past. Not that they are more superstitious; the ancient rite has become a mere game, and the charm a jest; the old story is told oftener than not with an incredulous smile; but even the middle-aged are not afraid that you will laugh at them for talking about such matters, and the aged love to dwell upon them, together with the other memories of their youth. Every district, too, has its own peculiar character. In East Friesland the legends are dark, stern, at times tragic; even when heathen in their origin, they have been remoulded by the spirit of a firm Protestant faith. In Central Germany they are brighter and more humorous, occasionally more grotesque; the deepest note they touch is a certain pensive tenderness, and hardly a trace of conscious Christianity is to be found among them, though here and there the memory of a saint now forgotten in the district may be found in a strange combination with other materials. In the Austrian Alps, again, they are more graceful, imaginative, pathetic, and almost invariably strongly coloured by Catholicism. Thus the Frau Berchta or Frau Höhle of other districts here becomes the Wife of Pilate, to whom popular fancy has assigned a sad but not ignoble fate in the other world. As she confessed the truth and yet was not baptized, her spirit is doomed to wander through the earth till the Judgment Day, and to her the souls of all unbaptized children are gathered. Of summer nights she leads them through the corn and flax fields, where they pluck off the mildewed ears and the harmful insects, and bear them away in their little pitchers; but in winter, particularly about Christmas-time, the strange procession will sometimes pass through a village in which an inconsolate mother dwells, and then a little hand will tap at the window, and when the mourner looks out she will see her child, no longer the baby they carried to the churchyard six months ago, but a little bright-eyed thing who, if it had a living body, one would take to be three or four years old. Yet she knows at once that it is her own, and it says, "Mother, you must stop crying, all your tears fall into my pitcher, it has grown so heavy that I can scarcely carry it, and they drip down on my clothes and make them so cold and cumbersome that I can't keep up with the rest." If the mother glances down the street she will see a form so bright "that you might have taken it for Our Lady's," with a throng of little children crowding round her, "as if they loved her."

If you chance upon a young wife who has lost her first-born within a few minutes of its birth, you may hear such a story as this even on a summer excursion, and if you have once heard it from such lips you will not be likely to forget it; but the collector's true harvest-time is winter, when the nights are long and little can be done in the fields. You can allow yourself a week or ten days' holiday, and await the first frost that promises to be permanent as eagerly as the fox-hunter expects a thaw. As soon as it comes, you pack your knapsack with what comforts you believe to be indispensable, and a quantity of paper cut in the form you habitually use, so that on your return you can slip each leaf into its proper portfolio without trouble. You carry your note-book in your pocket where you can reach it at any moment, and are prepared to start. You are living in Central Germany, let us say, and far

away among the hills there is a village with a good country inn—not an hotel—which is to be your headquarters. The railway passes within some fifteen or twenty miles of it, and you take your place so as to arrive at the most convenient station in the evening of the first day. Here you probably dine ill and sleep worse. The bedroom, which seems an ice-house when you enter it, has grown intolerably close and hot before it is time for you to rise; yet you dare not open a window. The outer air is too keen for any constitution to bear the change of temperature which the smallest opening would suddenly cause. You get up therefore with a sick headache, and loathe the breakfast you ordered overnight. Still it must be eaten if the cold is to be faced. As soon as you issue from the house where you have left your rugs, every uncovered part of your body tingles as if it had been beaten with stinging-nettles; but the sun is shining brightly from a cloudless sky. There is no sign of snow which might afford you an excuse for returning at once to your comfortable rooms. It is with some despondency you feel that the adventure has been begun and must be carried out to the bitter end. For an hour or so your path leads you through an open plain, which is in fact the bottom of a broad valley. It is utterly wearisome. The fields are not yet clad in the garment of snow which lends a glimmering charm to the most prosaic landscape. Everything is stark, and black, and dead; the withered leaf hangs motionless from the bough; for there is no stir in the air, and it is well for you that there is none, for a wind would render it almost impossible for you to take your walks abroad while the thermometer stands as it does at −16° R. But suddenly the scene changes, the road takes a sharp turn into a narrow gorge, thickly wooded with fir. What in summer was a wild and noisy brook is now a silent mass of ice. Wherever there is a comparatively quiet space it glitters with white crystal blades, out of which the great frost flowers rise. From the road these might almost be mistaken for water-lilies, but on nearer inspection they are found to consist of larger crystals, about an inch in diameter at the base, and from an inch and a half to two inches in height, grouped in a circle and marked by the most delicate tracery. Round them the ice is quite bare, and generally of a brownish black. The little waterfalls by the wayside, too, are all changed into Elfin grottoes with fantastic ice porticoes. All these things interest you, and you walk quickly, and yet somehow you seem to get forward but slowly. It is not the chilliness of the air, so much as the weight of your winter clothing, that makes the miles seem so long, and you are glad when the gorge opens, and after a steep ascent you reach the village in which you intend to lunch.

There is not much life in the inn; but the landlady—a good, kindly, shiftless creature—is glad to have an opportunity of chatting with a stranger in this quiet season of the year, and so she seats herself with her work at the end of the table. After satisfying her curiosity by telling her you are travelling for pleasure, to see the mountains in winter, which she evidently thinks rather absurd, you turn to other subjects. There is a cross-bill in the room, confined in a wooden cage so small that it can hardly turn in it. You ask her why she keeps it, and she tells you it has a wonderful power of attracting to itself every disease that would otherwise prey upon the household, in such a way that it dies and the children remain well—"at least, that is what they say, and when one has children one cannot be too careful of them." The old Northern story, which is best known to Englishmen by Longfellow's little poem, will at once occur to you. Was this the blessing that was pronounced upon the bird—that it, too, should be able to suffer and to die for men? There is something pleasing in the thought, but the reader will be more successful than the writer if he is able to find any authentic trace of the legend in districts where the superstition is universal.

In the meantime other guests have arrived who have been to a neighbouring market-town, and want a dram to keep out the cold. As your lunch is finished, and you are going in the same direction, you join them; their company makes the way seem shorter, though you are not likely to pick up much to suit your purpose from them, except some such remark as this:—"You know why Providence didn't give the goat as long a tail as the cow?" "No." "Because he would only have switched his own eyes out with it." In about an hour your ways part; your own leads up a somewhat toilsome ascent. First, you pass a beech wood, every sprig of which is hung with long, delicate pointed crystals, thin and dainty as the frost flowers on a window. The trees are so thickly covered that it is difficult to understand whence the diamond fragments which lie scattered round your feet have fallen, though you soon notice that it is the birds that knock them down. The afternoon sun is shining brightly on your right, and the whole wood is ablaze with a splendour such as summer cannot rival. When you issue from it you come upon a piece of open ground, which is probably marshy in summer; the only trees before you are a few mountain ash scattered here and there along the road, each of which, as you approach it, you find to be clamorous with the birds that are eagerly stripping it of its berries. By the time you reach the watershed you are glad that you will have no more climbing to do to-day, and shortly afterwards you overtake the carrier-woman. She looks old and infirm, and you hope it is genuine pity that induces you to unbuckle your knapsack, to throw it upon her hand-cart, and to offer to drag the whole to the next village; but it is true that the straps have been galling your shoulders for the last few hours, and the change of motion is a relief. If you expected any pleasant conversation you are disappointed; the good lady who trots along by your side is evidently one of those who are constantly sacrificing themselves for the children and grandchildren whose lives they render unbearable by their constant complaints. Even to you she shows at least as much peevishness as gratitude, and the only remark of the slightest interest which she makes is that the new clergyman does not believe in the Devil, "but then he is young, and never had the rheumatism."

The sun has set when you leave her at her own door, and the road, which once again enters the pine forest, becomes dark and gloomy, though wherever the boughs part you catch a glimpse of the brightening stars. The cold, too, becomes more bitter than it has seemed since the first hour of your walk, but you do not much care, as you are now within a measurable distance of your dinner. On the bridge you pause a moment to cast a glance at the black water-wheel, studded over with huge icicles, which stands motionless on the solid mill-run; it looks strangely "uncanny" in the first rays of the rising moon. Then come the warm, cosy lights of the cottage windows, and in five minutes more you are in your inn. Your arrival is an event. You find the clergyman seated in the place of honour, the chief foresters, the head-gamekeeper, the proprietor of the saw-mills you have just passed, and a few of the richer peasants; all the aristocracy of the village, in fact, are grouped round the table. In summer this circle would rather avoid than seek your acquaintance, but a winter tourist is at least as rare as a black swan. They make room for you at once, and are eager to hear your adventures, or anything else you may have to say. In these circumstances it will be your own fault if you have not established friendly relations with all of them before the evening is over.

A QUADRANGULAR DUEL.

THE Metaphysical Society is dead. It died two or three years ago. But since it was, during its lifetime, a virtuous entity which promoted the welfare of mankind, the work it did still constitutes a factor in the progress of things in general. It has no longer any conscious existence, but its posthumous activity is still with us, and its posthumous activity consists chiefly of the magazine somewhat clumsily entitled the *Nineteenth Century*. Thus it happens that when the metaphysicians who made up the Society (and who are, most of them, still happily alive) feel constrained to make any observations, they can do so much as before, the principal difference being, that whereas formerly such observations were made for the edification of only a select circle of acquaintances, they are now published for the instruction of the world at large. During the first half of 1884 a controversy of an unusually picturesque and gratifying kind, upon a matter of the greatest possible interest to everybody, has been carried on chiefly under the editorial auspices of Mr. Knowles, the four combatants, each of whom has delivered himself of one discharge, being men whose opinions and modes of thought differ, each one from all the others, about as widely as possible. The four are Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and Sir James Stephen, and the subject of their disputation is the prospect of religion in the near future.

Mr. Spencer may be regarded as the original challenger. At the beginning of the year he stepped into the arena and fired off an article called "Religion; a Retrospect and Prospect." The substance of it was, briefly, that all religions were in their origin identical with ghost stories, and were more deserving of the attention of Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney than of the readers of the *Nineteenth Century*. As to religion, it had been reserved for Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the year 1884, to say the last word about it. This last word is that we are "ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed"; that we do not, and never can, though perhaps some quite different and very superior sort of people, if there were any, could, know anything more about this Energy than the facts already stated, and that cultivated persons often derive some amount of satisfaction from their knowledge of these facts. This was the profession of faith of the self-appointed champion of Agnosticism. This blast having been blown, the challenge was not immediately taken up. February came, and the monthly reviews were published, but as far as the ultimate result of religious speculation was concerned there was silence. Every one appeared to be willing that Mr. Spencer should be left undisturbed in his probably solitary ecstasy of contemplation of the Infinite and Eternal Energy. But this forbearance could not endure. The prospect of tearing Mr. Spencer in pieces, and exposing his *cui bono* in all its naked deformity, was too alluring to be resisted. Accordingly, as when, in a languishing debating society, somebody has laid himself open to obvious retorts, and his resumption of his seat is followed by a pause, some veteran of the club rises modestly, and prefacing his observations with "Having waited, Mr. Chairman, in the hope that some worthier member, &c.," proceeds to dance upon his victim, so on the 1st of March did Mr. Frederic Harrison, the chosen champion of latter-day theology, and the hero of innumerable similar conflicts, stride into the well-known lists, and join issue with the presumptuous foe. Mr. Harrison is a person of much humour, and he is accordingly by no means ashamed *ab hoste doceri*. Ten of the twelve pages contained in "The Ghost of Religion" might, not to say have, with the slightest alteration of specific terms, been addressed to Mr. Harrison himself. "Worship the Unknowable?" exclaimed Mr. Harrison; "pray to x^n to

lighten the burdens of life? Find a base of belief and duty in an Infinite and Eternal Energy so neutral and impersonal that even its worshippers can only call it 'it,' and not 'He'? Expect to satisfy the craving common to all men for some unseen sort of a something to compensate for the existence of evil by presenting them with such a boneless abstraction as this? Preposterous!" And Mr. Harrison was even so far carried away by the torrent of his lively criticism as to laugh at "the Unknowable" for "getting itself spelt with a capital U," and generally to make as much fun of the lavish use of capitals as Thackeray did in the parody which gave so much offence to the author of *Maltravers*. But in one thing Mr. Harrison quite agreed with Mr. Spencer. It was quite true that the day of Christianity and its contemporary religions was past, and quite true that some substitute was required, though it could not be found in an Infinite and Eternal Energy, any more than in the discarded speculations about ghosts with which Mr. Spencer credits our simple forefathers. This was the opportunity to bring in Charles I. We must have a religion, and since we cannot worship an "it," our religion must be anthropomorphic. What, then, remains? Why, of course, "Humanity is the grandest object of reverence within the region of the real and the known, Humanity with the world on which it rests as its base and environment." Mr. Harrison concludes his paper, the iconoclastic part of which is admirable, with this brief but fervent assurance to all whom it may concern that Codlin is their friend, not Short. This was Mr. Harrison's shot, fired at Mr. Spencer with, it must be admitted, sufficiently destructive effects, and then it was Mr. Harrison's turn to receive the fire of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the champion of the older form of religion which Messrs. Spencer and Harrison had agreed in treating with such lordly contempt. As might be expected, Mr. Ward, whose article appears in this month's *National Review*, is very merry and very amusing over his two predecessors. He begins by likening his immediate adversary, Mr. Harrison, to a most entertaining lunatic, who showed a sane visitor over the asylum in which he was confined. Everything he did and said was perfectly reasonable until he came to show off his last specimen of a monomaniac. This poor fool, he said, actually supposed himself to be Alexander the Great, in which he was "quite wrong, for I am Philip of Macedon, and my son was a much taller man than that." Similarly, Mr. Harrison was quite sane as long as he was exposing the absurdity of Mr. Spencer's Energy, and only showed of what stuff he was made when he began to sound the praises of his own Humanity. The difference between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison was the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The one thing on which they were agreed, and which was therefore true, was that you must have a religion of some kind, from which Mr. Ward had no difficulty in proving that the only possible one was Christianity. It is a pity that Mr. Ward did not publish his article sooner. He was so long taking aim that Sir James Stephen, who had to fire the concluding shot, got tired of waiting for him, and in the event the two last weapons went off simultaneously. Owing to this hitch, Sir James Stephen covers a good deal of the same ground as Mr. Ward. He likens his two victims to the well-known pot and kettle, and proceeds to demolish them both. By dint of being a lawyer as well as a metaphysician, Sir James has acquired a disagreeable habit of inquiring into the meaning of words, and this enables him to demonstrate in a convincing manner that Mr. Spencer's disquisitions about Effort, Force, and Energy have no meaning at all, and might as well have been left unwritten. He then insists upon the exceeding flimsiness of Mr. Harrison's deity with a force and freshness which are really surprising, considering that he is doing it, as he himself candidly observes, "for perhaps the fiftieth time." One of his sentences is so refreshing to the healthy mind that we cannot refrain from reproducing it:—"Mankind is the object of our worship—mankind, a stupid, ignorant, half beast of a creature, the most distinguished specimens of which have passed their lives in chasing chimæras, and believing and forcing others to believe in fairy tales about them—a creature made up mostly of units, of which a majority cannot even read, whilst only a small minority have the time, or the means, or the ability to devote any considerable part of their thoughts to anything but daily labour. For my part, I would as soon worship the ugliest idol in India, before which a majority of the Queen's subjects chop off the heads of poor little goats."

By these and similar expressions is Mr. Harrison's own poor ghost of a religion made mince-meat of. So far Sir James Stephen and Mr. Ward to the same effect, each applauding Mr. Harrison for his destruction of Mr. Spencer, and each turning Mr. Harrison's guns against himself, and taking cruelly complete advantage of the weak point Mr. Harrison had left in his own lines. But after this comes the part of Sir James Stephen's paper which is really a reply upon Mr. Ward, and which ought therefore, if the combat had been fought out upon strictly chronological principles, to have succeeded it instead of accompanying it in publication. For whereas Mr. Ward concludes that the Agnostic and the Positivist, having failed to supply the blank left by their supposed destruction of existing religious sentiment, have thereby shown that they have failed to destroy it, and that it is, in fact, as necessary and as much justified in its existence as ever, Sir James Stephen tells quite another tale. Upon the question whether the general belief in Christianity is really going, as Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison suppose, to fade away and expire, the judge does not commit himself to any opinion; but he suggests hypothetically a view which, as far as we know, has never been stated openly before, and which, whether we agree with it or not, deserves attention. Suppose, says Sir James Stephen, that Agnostics, or Positivists, or any one else should succeed in persuading people at large that Christian theology is not true, then we may confidently expect that the morality which is distinctively Christian will die with it. If people cease to believe Christian dogmas, they will cease to believe, or to profess to believe, in the virtue of self-sacrifice as such. They will not any longer profess to believe it right to turn the other cheek to the smiter, or to make over one's coat to the spoiler of one's cloak. But so far from declaring, like Mr. Ward, that some religion which will inculcate these duties is necessary, Sir James Stephen thinks that we shall get on about as well as we hitherto have without believing them to be duties at all. For he advances the bold proposition that no religion has ever been really popular or enthusiastically adopted by the mass of mankind. People have acquiesced, he thinks, in these particular theories as part of a religion which they have accepted as a whole, but they have not practically believed in them enough to make their conduct habitually conform to them. And he suggests that, if these particular parts of Christian morality are abandoned, there will still remain a substantial amount of morality independent of theology, and not very much less in extent than that which now practically regulates the lives of most people. Therefore, while agreeing with Mr. Ward that the two earlier disputants have attempted to set up new gods of no value, he denies his inference that theology cannot be suffered to become extinct, and asserts, on the contrary, that, if it should become extinct, it would make less practical difference than most people are apt to suppose.

The quadrangular duel is thus complete. No Theology, anthropomorphic or otherwise, says Mr. Spencer, but an Infinite and Eternal Energy. Neither Theology nor Infinite Energy, but the truly anthropomorphic Religion of Humanity, says Mr. Harrison. Neither Energy nor Humanity, but Theology, says Mr. Ward. Certainly not Energy or Humanity, says Sir James Stephen, and as for Theology we shall be able to get along without it if necessary, and shall certainly be much better without any meaningless shams in substitution for it.

RACING AT EPSOM.

ONE of the most important things in a racecourse is elastic turf; but at the late Epsom meeting the ground was as hard as iron, and almost without herbage. Owners of valuable racehorses had good cause to tremble when they saw them battering their legs on ground that rivalled flagstones in consistency. Yet a two-year-old that had cost 2,000 guineas as a yearling was brought out on the first day for the Woodcote Stakes. This was the Duke of Portland's Rosy Morn, and he was opposed by his stable companion Baron L. de Hirsch's Laverock, a colt which had been purchased for a very similar sum early in May. Other owners, however, were less adventurous; and the field for the Woodcote Stakes was the smallest on record, only four of the fifty-one horses entered taking part in the race. Laverock had already won two races, and Rosy Morn was to run for the first time, yet 5 to 2 was laid on the latter, while 7 to 1 was laid against the former. Ducat and Ierne, a colt and a filly by Kisber and Hermit, who had never before run in public, were about as much fancied as Laverock. Ducat, closely followed by Rosy Morn, made the running, and Laverock and Ierne came on together a short distance off. Half way down the hill Rosy Morn, who was close to the rails, took the lead, and came into the straight clear away from the other horses. A quarter of a mile from the winning-post Cannon brought Laverock gradually forward, and at the distance Laverock's head was at Rosy Morn's girths; but at that moment Archer roused Rosy Morn, who shot away at once and bounded in three lengths in advance of Laverock. The other pair were some distance off at the finish. Rosy Morn is by Rosicrucian out of Bonnie Katie, and while he shows all the quality that might be expected from such high breeding, he is on a larger scale than many of the stock of his sire. He is entered for the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger of next year, and if he keeps sound, it is not unlikely that he may become a leading favourite for one of those races.

There was a fine race for the Juvenile Plate between St. Rule, ridden by Rossiter, and Gaythorn, ridden by Cannon. Gaythorn appeared to have the race in hand at the distance, but St. Rule rushed up and snatched the prize from him by a head at the winning-post. Shrivenham, who had been the first favourite, was a bad third. There was a fine race, again, for the Chetwynd Plate, which was won by the first favourite, Mr. L. de Rothschild's Aladdin, a two-year-old by the Derby winner Sir Bevys; but the odds of 3 to 1, which had been laid on him, were scarcely justified, as he only won by a neck.

We described the Derby at some length last week. The objection which was lodged against St. Gatien by Sir John Willoughby a day or two after the race excited but languid interest, as it could in no way affect the disposal of the bets. The only other race of special interest on the Wednesday was for the Stanley Stakes, which immediately followed the Derby. Grecian Bride, who had run Lonely to a head at Newmarket, was made a very strong favourite. She won in a canter by a length and a half, and she ran like a smart filly. Her breeding is good, too, as she is by Hermit out of La Belle Hélène. She shows many excellent

points, but exception has been taken to her loins and the length of her back.

The Epsom Grand Prize, which is run for on the Thursday of the Epsom week, is one of the most valuable three-year-old races of the season. The Derby was worth 4,850*l.* this year, and the Epsom Grand Prize 3,782*l.*; but the entrance for the Derby is 50*l.*, and half forfeit, whereas it is only 25*l.* and 10*l.* forfeit for the Grand Prize. Thirteen horses came out to run for it last week; the only competitors that had run in the Derby on the previous day being St. Médard, who had started second favourite for that race, and Woodstock, who had made the running for a short distance as the field went up the hill. Cherry was a very strong favourite. This filly had run once last year and once this year, winning on both occasions. She had been a late foal, and consequently had not run in public until the autumn, when she came out for the Cheveley Stakes at Newmarket, and won in a canter by half a dozen lengths. This spring she had started only fourth or fifth favourite, at 10 to 1, for the Kempton Park Grand Prize, in which she was giving weight to everything in the race, but she won easily by two lengths. Only 6 to 4 was now laid against her for the Epsom Grand Prize, although she looked rather rough in her coat, and some critics thought she moved a little short in her preliminary canter. Fantail, who was receiving 7 lbs. from Cherry, was a good second favourite. When receiving 13 lbs. from Superba, she had run her to a head, and she had won four races. Other backers fancied St. Médard, who was receiving 2 lbs. and sex from the favourite. Kinsky also was supported by many people at about the same odds as St. Médard. He had been a very moderate two-year-old, but he had won the only races for which he had run this season. Campanile made the running as far as the road, St. Médard following with a cluster of horses in close pursuit, among which were Cherry and Kinsky. About a quarter of a mile from the winning-post, Archer, who was riding Cherry rather near the rails, saw an opportunity of getting through the cluster by which he had been shut in, and immediately dashed to the front. Almost at the same moment Cannon shot forward on Kinsky, on the other side of the course, and from this point the race virtually became a match between Kinsky and Cherry. It was a very fine struggle, and the two famous jockeys had to use all their skill. Opposite the Stand, Kinsky seemed to be overhauling Cherry, and he succeeded in getting up to her neck, but the filly stayed the longest and won by half a length. Cherry, like Harvester, is by Sterling; her dam, Cherry Duchess, is by the Duke, and she inherits double crosses, within the fifth degree, of the blood of no less than five different sires. The Royal Stakes on the same afternoon produced an interesting race between Thebais, Corunna, and Modred. Thebais was giving 3 st. 5 lbs. to the former and 3 st. to the latter, but after a splendid struggle she won by a head, while Corunna beat Modred by a neck. The pace at which the race was run told against Thebais, under her very heavy weight, for Deceiver went away from the start, as hard as he could, leading at one time by half a dozen lengths.

In noticing the race for the Oaks, it is necessary to recall the race for the One Thousand Guineas. Busybody had won the latter race by half a length from Queen Adelaide, and Whitelock had been a length behind Queen Adelaide, while Sandiway was close up; but, as the last-named filly had been scratched for the Oaks, we need say nothing further about her. Legacy had also run, but she had had enough of it before reaching the Abingdon Bottom. Superba had been unplaced in the Two Thousand, the only race for which she had started this season; but it was understood that she had wintered very badly, and it was generally agreed, among judges of racing, that she was far below her best form on the day of that race. As it was, she had run fairly, finishing fourth, about three-quarters of a length behind Harvester and St. Médard, who were only separated by a head. The official handicapper had estimated her at 7 lbs. below Busybody, and 3 lbs. below Queen Adelaide. Last year she had beaten Queen Adelaide at even weights, and Talisman, and Harvester (twice), giving him weight on each occasion. She had won seven races, and had earned considerably more than six thousand pounds in stakes; so that, if she should have returned to her two-year-old form, there was no denying the fact that she would have a great chance of winning the Oaks. Quilt, a chestnut filly by Hermit, had won four of the dozen races for which she ran last year. Her form had not been of the highest class, and she had not been out before this season; but Hermits are so often dangerous when least expected, that they must always be taken into account when they start for a race, even when their previous performances have been but second-rate. Kinfauns had only won one race out of six last year, but she had run St. Médard to a neck, and she had run within a length and a half of Harvester. Like Quilt, she had not run in public this season before the Oaks.

Nine fillies went to the post, where there was some delay owing to the vagaries of Whitelock, who was very fretful and caused several false starts. Kinfauns, Legacy, and Pinta made most of the running, but as they were going round Tattenham Corner, Busybody began to work her way to the front, and on crossing the road she took the lead, attended by Quilt, Kinfauns, and Wild Shot. Halfway up the straight, Queen Adelaide came up to the leading horses as if she were going to gallop past them, and Superba, who was ridden by Archer, was following in a manner which seemed to threaten danger, especially when the usual tactics of her jockey were considered; but when Cannon, who was riding Busybody, saw Queen Adelaide coming alongside, he set his mare going in earnest, and at the distance Queen Adelaide was beaten. Superba, however, was not to be so easily disposed of, and Archer brought her up with one of his famous rushes. There was now a fine battle, for the third time during the meeting, between Cannon and Archer, and for a few moments the result seemed doubtful, but Cannon held his own to the end and won by half a length. Busybody has now repaid her owner, in stakes alone, nearly half the 8,800 guineas she cost him, nor should it be forgotten that the price received for her by her former master has now been raised to about 11,000*l.* Queen Adelaide's running in the Oaks did not seem consistent with her previous performances; but she had had a hard race in the Derby two days before, which may have made her a little stale. On the other hand, her indifferent finish in the Oaks may tend to throw some doubts upon the value of the form she showed in the Derby.

The clever thoroughbred pony, Lucy Ashton, started first favourite for the Acorn Stakes for two-year-olds, but she unfortunately split her pastern during the race, so we are not likely to see more of her for some time to come. The finish was fought out between Grecian Bride, the winner of the Stanley Stakes, and Vacillation. The latter won easily; but she was receiving 9 lbs. from the former. This was Vacillation's fourth victory, and her winnings are already approaching a couple of thousand pounds. The celebrated three-year-old St. Simon, who would in all probability have won the Derby if he had run in it, walked over for the Gold Cup; and so ended a dusty, cloudy, windy meeting.

COLONIAL BORROWING.

THE rush of the colonial governments to borrow money in the London market shows no sign of abating. During the past six months not fewer than twelve colonial governments, including the Indian, and three municipal corporations, have applied for no less a sum in the aggregate than 26¾ millions sterling, and it is known that several more issues are impending. It must be admitted that, on their side, investors appear as ready to lend as the colonial governments are to borrow. Only last week the Government of Queensland was able to raise nearly 2¾ millions sterling, paying no more than 4 per cent. per annum; and a little previously the Indian Government borrowed 3 millions at 3 per cent. Indeed, none of the governments have had to pay more than 5 per cent. When it is borne in mind that the population of Queensland at the end of 1882 did not quite amount to a quarter of a million, and that its debt then exceeded 13 millions sterling, it will be understood how significant it is that this government, with a population less than that of a second-rate English town, has been able to borrow at the rate of 4 per cent. The truth is that really sound investments are becoming so scarce that the thrifty classes know not how to dispose of their money. The Government of the United States is paying off its debts at so rapid a rate that United States bonds are no longer held in Europe, and very few of them are held even in America itself by private individuals. Our own Government, again, has adopted a scheme for the redemption of the debt which is estimated to clear it all off in fifty years. In the meantime Europe has been turned into a vast camp, and may at any moment be plunged into a war of which no man can foresee the consequences or the end. And, lastly, American railroad securities are utterly discredited by mismanagement, over-construction, and dishonesty. Under these circumstances, the professional man who has to provide for his children out of an income that will die with himself, the country gentleman whose estate is entailed, and who has to make provision in his own lifetime for daughters and younger sons, and the commercial man whose savings are larger than can be employed in his own business, eagerly accept offers from colonial governments to pay them from 3 to 5 per cent. They argue that a British colony will be better governed than any foreign State; that it will be strict in the observance of all its obligations; that, at the worst, it will be saved from bankruptcy by the Imperial Government; and that therefore their money will be perfectly safe in its hands. At the same time, the interest offered is much higher than can be obtained with the same certainty. The debenture stocks of our best Railway Companies yield only about 3¼ per cent., while the yield upon the ordinary stocks fluctuates too much to be a favourite form of investment with those who have to consider the future of widows and daughters. We are not now concerned with the correctness of this reasoning; our object is only to explain why it is that colonial loans stand in such high favour in the London money market, and the fact that they do stand in such favour is shown conclusively by the instances we have already referred to.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the colonial governments are under a very strong temptation to go on borrowing. In every colony there is an urgent need for public works—for opening up unoccupied lands by means of railways and roads, for constructing harbours, for laying down telegraph wires, and, in short, for supplying the community with all the requirements of modern civilization. In every one of the colonies, therefore, public opinion is strongly in favour of the rapid construction of public works, and as in none of the colonies is there capital enough for such construction, this is only another way of saying that there is a strong public opinion in favour of constant borrowing in England. Another reason that makes borrowing so popular is that the flowing in of foreign capital creates a fictitious prosperity. The money is

borrowed generally, as we have said, for the construction of public works, and therefore is expended in paying for labour and buying materials. Wages in consequence rise, and so do prices, and the commercial and labouring classes therefore seem to benefit. There are few countries, indeed, in which a large Government expenditure is not popular even where it is undertaken for warlike purposes, but it is especially popular where it is incurred for the construction of public works. The works undoubtedly will prove useful in the long run. They enable unoccupied lands to be settled much more rapidly than they otherwise could be; they attract immigrants, and at the same time they make it possible to export the surplus production of the colonies. If, then, the borrowing were kept within moderate limits, there could be no dispute that the policy pursued by the colonial governments is a wise one. But the figures given at the beginning of this article show that the borrowing is not kept within moderate limits. It is, on the contrary, being pushed on far too rapidly, and it is almost certain that it will be pursued more quickly in the future than it has been even in the recent past. The temptation is so strong to the colonial governments to avail themselves of their present high credit in the London money market that they are unable to resist. At any moment circumstances may change. A great war may break out, or American railroad securities may again be taken into favour by the British public, and then it may not be possible to borrow upon such easy terms. The governments therefore are apparently acting upon the old adage which advises to "make hay while the sun shines." But it is never so necessary to urge caution as when there is a strong temptation to excess. In the United States at the present moment we have an example of what follows from too rapid a construction of public works. Our colonies, prosperous as they are and rapidly as they are growing, are far less prosperous than the United States, and are growing far more slowly, yet in a few short years the Americans have sunk so much capital in building railways that they have brought on a great panic, have depreciated railroad securities of all kinds, and have caused widespread ruin and distress. The new American railways, it is true, have been built by private enterprise, while in the colonies the public works are being constructed by the governments. There is a difference here, but the difference is not so great as at first sight it appears. When the Companies and syndicates which have built the American railways found that the railways did not earn the interest upon the capital sunk, and that they had themselves exhausted their means, they were obliged to declare themselves bankrupt, and so there was brought on a panic; but even when the colonial railways are unable to earn the interest upon the capital sunk in them, it is not probable that the governments will become bankrupt. The general taxpayers, however, will have to find the money. There will thus be a great addition made to taxation, and the prosperity of the colonies will be seriously checked. If the colonial governments should then stop the public works, the mischief would not be irreparable, for in a few years population would grow sufficiently to give a traffic to the railways. It will, however, be more difficult then to suspend operations than it is now. To stop borrowing would be to put an end to the inflow of foreign capital, to throw workpeople out of employment, and to cause a depression in trade. But to do this at a moment when the railways had become a serious charge to the colonial taxpayers would be to raise an outcry in the various colonies which few governments would care to face. The danger is, therefore, that if once the colonial governments engage in a rash construction of public works, they will have to go on, just as the Parisian Municipality has had to go on, and that they may thereby involve themselves in inextricable embarrassments.

There is another aspect of the question which should not be lost sight of by investors either. In the recent past this country has been the only great colonizing State in the world. Since the end of the struggle between England and France in North America and in India, France had, until a few years ago, almost given up the attempt to found colonies, while the other great European Powers had never entered upon the enterprise. Of late, however, there has been a revival of colonial enterprise in France, and it looks as if both Germany and Russia were about to endeavour to found transmarine settlements. Within the present year the Recidivist question has brought to the minds of us all how possible it is that a quarrel in the Pacific may break out between this country and France. If there should, the Australasian colonies would certainly be involved in it, or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, would in the beginning be principals in it. Across the Atlantic, again, the position of Canada is not without grave danger. The United States hitherto have loyally observed their neighbourly duties; but there is a party in the United States anxious to raise a quarrel between that country and ourselves, and it is always possible that a dispute may arise which would involve Canada. As to the political dangers, native and otherwise, of the South African colonies, it is hardly necessary to do more than refer to them. There are, then, grave political questions looming in the future, which may impose upon several or all of our colonies sacrifices and exertions of no small magnitude; and it would be in the highest degree unwise on the part of the colonial governments so to compromise their future that, if a day of danger did arise, their credit would be already too deeply pledged. Dangers of this kind are happily remote, and we may hope that they will never become real. But it is the duty of statesmen to provide for all contingencies, and those who are entrusted with the government of our colonies should never forget that dangers may arise, and should always so manage their finances that if they do, they may be able to guard the interests committed to their care. In concluding, we need hardly disavow any desire to lower the credit of our colonies or to deter investors from buying their securities. On the contrary, we believe that if the colonial governments are prudent, investors could not find safer or better securities, nor could the colonial governments themselves follow any wiser policy than that of a judicious and gradual development of their material resources. But the development ought to be gradual and judicious. What we wish to urge upon the colonial governments and upon investors is, that while the construction of public works is desirable and beneficial, it may easily be pushed to excess, may involve the colonies in great embarrassments, and may even compromise their political future.

PLAY AT THE COURT—THE LYCEUM.

HAD *Play* not been a comedy by the author of *Caste* and *Ours*, it would scarcely have lingered long on the stage, supposing that it had ever been represented. But in February 1868, when the piece was first given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr. T. W. Robertson and the house over which Miss Marie Wilton presided had become the fashion. That failure was not without the range of possibilities even for this popular management the production of a work by the late Mr. H. J. Byron—called *Wrinkles*, if our memory does not fail us—sufficiently shows. *Play*, however, just passed muster. There was a desire to see what Captain Hawtree would be like as the Chevalier Browne; how the part of Bruce Fanquehere would suit the actor who had made his mark as Lord Ptarmigan, Sam Gerridge, and the Prince Perovsky; and, to a still greater extent, how the representative of Polly Eccles and Miss Netley would fit herself to the character of Rosie Fanquehere. Stage realism of the better sort was just being made an important consideration. The scene of *Play* was laid at a German Spa; many persons in a Prince of Wales's audience had visited German Spas, and felt a curiosity as to the way in which the genuine thing would be reproduced. On the whole, it is not difficult to account for the fact that *Play* had a fair run; but it is equally easy to understand why it has never been revived by the management which first presented it. Mr. Robertson usually imported some strong dramatic incident into his comedies. In *Society*, by no means the best of the series, there are two or three sympathetic episodes. *Caste*, particularly in the scene which leads up to and brings about the return of George D'Alroy to the wife who has mourned his death, is a very striking play. *Ours* has at least one moving scene, at the end of the second act—the departure of the troops for the Crimea. In *Play*, however, the author fitted his characters moderately well with the sort of parts likely to suit them; for the rest he trusted to his facility for writing smart dialogue—which nevertheless is not very smart—and to a few theatrical tricks which might persuade the unwary spectator that a coherent plot was being treated. The piece has been produced at the Court without the glamour which overhung Prince of Wales's comedies, and it is not to be disguised that it is a very crude and thin contrivance. Mr. Robertson's pieces, written for certain people, must of necessity be given after a method not easily to be imitated. *Play* is sadly invertebrate. The first act would be well enough if it led to something more marked. Frank Price is in love with Rosie; the Chevalier Browne accidentally ascertains that the girl, niece of his disreputable associate the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, is an heiress, and proposes to commit bigamy in order to win her and her fortune. Obstacles to the union of Frank and Rosie have to be raised, and no plain way of raising them occurred to Mr. Robertson. Such interest as the plot contains is based on these matters, but the structure of the play is built up with ill-fitting and badly devised bits. The Chevalier meets his wife, Amanda Tarleton, the celebrated actress, in a ruined castle, whither the characters have gone. This is no sort of reason why Rosie should suspect that her Frank is Amanda's husband, though the audience is invited to suppose that such a mistake has arisen temporarily to wound Rosie's trusting affection. There is a great deal too much make-believe in this, as also about the incident which leads to the Hauptman Stockstadt's challenge. Frank, it may be remembered, unburdens his mind by relating to Stockstadt the story of his attachment to Rosie; and the Prussian officer, who does not comprehend a word of English, is understood to fancy that the gesticulating Englishman is deliberately insulting him. The idea of Stockstadt's brother officer, the Graf von Staufenberg, gravely saying "*Illustrated London News*," and nothing else, for the purpose of showing that he is not wholly unacquainted with our language, is a weak *jeu d'esprit*, quite unsuitable for the stage. The humour of Mr. Bodmin Todder and Mrs. Kinpeck, again, have very little to do with the story. The acting and the reputation of the theatre saved *Play* sixteen years ago. Unfortunately most of those who are concerned in the revival at the Court have failed to catch the trick of such a comedy as this. Mr. Clayton plays adroitly, but his Chevalier is a rather sombre personage; and Mr. Mackintosh, who follows Mr. Hare—with a difference—as Fanquehere, makes the man into a melodramatic villain. The horrible faces Mr. Mackintosh draws to show the emotions which afflict him are far from the purpose of playing comedy, and especially such comedy as this. It is not that Mr. Mackintosh is too robust an actor to bring himself down

to the level of the work, supposing that anything in the nature of bringing down is involved. Mrs. Stirling is one of the most robust of actresses, with a long experience of powerful plays, drama, melodrama, and even tragedy; yet in another of Mr. Robertson's pieces, *Caste*, her representation of the Marquise de St. Maur was superlatively good. The humours of Mr. Bodmin Todder, the dyspeptic tradesman, lie on the surface. Mr. Arthur Cecil has no difficulty in giving a broadly comic study of this strongly marked personage. The companion picture, Mrs. Kinpeck, the disagreeable and avaricious widow, is much overdone by Miss Victor. The lovers, however, are decidedly well played by Miss Venne as Rosie, and, especially, by Mr. H. B. Conway as Frank Price. An affectation of extreme archness has frequently made the lady's performances preposterous. No one off the stage ever was so terribly arch as Miss Venne was on it. Happily this can be spoken of in the past tense. Rosie is very naturally and prettily played. The love scene in the ruined castle which forms the setting of the second act is the best written episode in the comedy, and it is also the best acted. Frank Price is here altogether admirable. Frank is a lad just growing into manhood, and Mr. Conway's boyish impulsiveness is singularly pertinent and true. A very effective piece of "business," to employ the technical phrase, has been omitted in the revival. After the challenge had passed, in former days at the Prince of Wales's, Stockstadt and Frank met in the Kursaal; Stockstadt had no light for his cigarette, and Frank, noting his enemy's search, courteously proffered him a light from his own. Such a civility might not be expected to pass between challenged and challenger where both were accustomed to the situation. But Frank is a boy who knows nothing of duelling; is told by his countrymen, who are much older and more experienced than he is, that he ought to fight, and accepts the challenge accordingly, bearing no ill will to his antagonist. The remembrance of Miss Marie Wilton and Mr. H. J. Montague as Rosie and Frank is not easily effaced. With the pleasant recollections which linger of their performance, it says much for the new pair of lovers that they can make Rosie and Frank acceptable. Miss Amy Roselle, as the doting wife of the Chevalier, does ably all that is requisite. The mounting of *Play* is in no way remarkable. Modern audiences have unaccountable tastes, and it is therefore well that a critic's duty does not include prognostication as to the success of theatrical pieces.

The return of the Lyceum company to the Lyceum Theatre naturally aroused much interest not unmingled with regret that they are so soon again to leave it. We have been unable to discover the new blemishes which one critic assures us that Mr. Irving has "developed" in the part of Benedick during his absence. On the contrary, he, like Miss Ellen Terry, seemed to us to play with even more fineness and fire than before. The transference of that fine comedian, Mr. Howe, to the part of Dogberry makes a very decided improvement in the cast.

REVIEWS.

TEMPLES AND ELEPHANTS.*

THIS book must be the result of a sheer love of adventure and travel. Having achieved success in Borneo and told us much about its Head-hunters, Mr. Bock explored a large part of the kingdom of Siam and of the country of the Lao chiefs who are tributary to King Chulalunkorn. We do not make out that he had any particular mission to fulfil. His main object was not to correct mistakes in geography, to show a variation in the course of rivers and the altitudes of mountain ranges, or to search for coal and other minerals. He certainly tried to get specimens of birds and beasts, in which attempt he was much hindered by the prejudices and fancies of chiefs and priests, but his main desire was to see and describe strange scenes and customs. And he has put together a very instructive work. An apology for "imperfect English" was hardly needed. Many a florid writer in our language might do worse than imitate Mr. Bock's style. In one or two instances only are we reminded that a foreigner stumbles, as might be expected. Once, for instance, he talks of "wild fowl" where the context shows clearly that he means not waterfowl, but the jungle cock. He is, as we remarked previously in our notice of *The Head Hunters*, not much of an Orientalist, though he may be right in deriving the word Siam "from the Malay *Sayam*, which means brown and refers to the colour of the race." But, in this view, it is quite as possible that Siam may come from the Sanskrit *Syama*, black. There is a sprinkling of Sanskrit words, *Isara* lord, *Vangsa* family, *Kumaritana* princess, in the Siamese phrases and titles recorded in this work, just as there is in Burmese. The illustrations of men and women, temples, landscapes, and so forth, are very well executed, and there is a picture of a white, or rather a yellow, elephant which is very opportune. It seems, however, that a judicious washing of tamarind-water imparts a lighter colour to this wonderful animal, and that under its application dark patches disappear, for a time at least. Mr. Barnum may take a hint.

* *Temples and Elephants: the Narrative of a Journey of Exploration through Upper Siam and Lao.* By Carl Bock, Author of the "Head Hunters of Borneo." With Maps, Plates, and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

Mr. Bock's work may properly be divided into two main sections. He stayed at Bangkok before commencing his explorations, and when he had ascended the Meinam and its affluents as high as Kiang Tsen, he returned and spent more time at the capital. We may therefore consider his narrative as one which deals first with Bangkok and then with the interior. The reigning monarch treated this inquisitive foreigner with much consideration. He was favoured with a private audience, and we note that the old etiquette by which every one had to prostrate himself in the august presence is now abolished. King Chulalunkorn is a "progressive" as well as a "thoughtful" ruler. He is abolishing slavery by degrees. He has encouraged education, and he sends yearly a number of young Siamese of noble family to be educated in England and on the Continent. Members of his council are allowed to submit their opinions to him in writing. He has completed a magnificent temple, which was begun so far back as 1785, and had remained unfinished owing to want of funds and other difficulties. At the epoch of the centenary of the capital, in 1881, a splendid national exhibition was opened. Jewellery, silver ware, valuable rings, goblets, mother-of-pearl and lacquer work, sacred manuscripts in thousands, had their sections and compartments, as well as the coarser articles of wicker-work and bamboo, elephant tusks, the horns of the buffalo and the rhinoceros, gamboge, teak and other timber, resin, sugar, beeswax, and minerals. Pictures were rather a failure, native artists not being usually adepts in the rules of perspective; and it was with some difficulty that an ambitious dauber was dissuaded from sending his works to the Royal Academy. But, splendid as the Siamese Exhibition may have been, it is eclipsed by the annual ceremony of *kateen* or the royal visitation to the temples. The King is carried in state to several temples in succession. Presents are distributed. The High Priest preaches a sermon. But the grandest feature is the procession of the royal barges, about fifty in number. The state barge is manned by one hundred and twenty rowers, who have been as hard at work for a month previous as if they were University oarsmen, practising swing and time. The account of this imposing ceremony is followed by a ghastly story of the execution of a woman, with minute details. The only satisfactory part of the affair is that the culprit was a nobleman's wife who had murdered one of her servants in a diabolical fashion, and that the King, though as averse as King Louis Philippe to signing death warrants, thought it fit in this case to show himself no respecter of persons. Mr. Bock, we may remark, has rather a liking for these repulsive sights, for when up the country he was anxious to witness the execution of a Chow or chief, of the city of Lampoon, but unluckily arrived just after the decapitation. This "unfortunate nobleman" seems to have been condemned on three counts. He had offered an insult to the Siamese Commissioner. He had injured the elephant of a brother Chow. And he was generally a scamp and therefore fitted to be a scapegoat. In many respects, there is still a good deal to be done at Bangkok. Most of the roads lately constructed by the King are below the water-level. There are no ghauts or landing-places of stone or brick, as there are in India. The city of Bangkok is often flooded in the rainy season, seeing that it is built on an alluvial plain level with the river. And at other seasons the lanes and streets are receptacles of filth. Yet it is refreshing to hear of an Eastern potentate who reads English newspapers, transacts business regularly, has a mint, a library, and a museum, encourages research, is civil to foreigners, does not torture or harass his own subjects in the genuine Oriental fashion, and has visited Singapore, Java, British Burmah, Calcutta, Bombay, and Benares. When an outbreak of cholera occurred in 1881, this enlightened sovereign did not content himself with charms and sentences in Pali and prayers to the evil spirits or Nats, but he erected temporary hospitals and sent steam-launches up and down the river with medicines and doctors.

All this is interesting enough, but the journey through the interior gives Mr. Bock much more to tell. He seems to have stood the hot and moist climate very well; for we only hear of one or two attacks of fever which yielded more to quinine than to Dr. Sutton's magic pills. He also was well provided with presents to propitiate native functionaries, such as cloth, tobacco, needles, and scent-bottles. On more than one occasion he made zoedone do duty for champagne in a fashion which would have delighted Sir Wilfrid Lawson; and he evidently has the traveller's resolution and pluck, and makes light of trials and inconveniences, indifferent commons, thunderstorms and wet, and all the worries incidental to an exploration in Siamese jungles. On leaving Bangkok he had to pole up the stream when a comfortable steamer could go no higher. The Indian custom, so familiar in wearying journeys up the Ganges and Jabuna, where the boatmen tie one end of a rope to the mast and walk on the bank hauling the other end, seems unknown in Siam. After a time the boat was exchanged for a howdah and an elephant; and then, again, Mr. Bock went down the Mekok river in a small canoe. In this way he stayed at the towns of Raheng, Lakhon, Lampoon, Kiang Mai and Kiang Hai, Merang Prau and Kiang Tsen, covering more than six degrees of latitude and living exactly as the natives did. Of course events did not always run smoothly. The farther he proceeded into the interior the less potent were the orders and passports which he had obtained from the King of Siam or from Chows and other high officials. Buddhists had a great aversion to the slaughter of birds and beasts; and, though he obtained

permission for a native hunter of high repute, one Mau Sua, to get him specimens, very little was obtained by this means. Mr. Bock was accused of bringing tigers round the houses at night; and we cannot think that he was well advised in trying to carry off two large images of Buddha from a great cave in one of the Lao States. We note that a large tiger shot by the villagers was actually cut up and eaten. The tongue is cut out by Indian mahouts, and when dried, used as a medicine in fever; but only the most degraded of the aboriginal or semi-aboriginal tribes in that country ever think of eating tigers, jackals, or lizards. Once Mr. Bock's talent for drawing got him into a scrape. He was sketching the wife of a Karian chief, and unluckily touched her chin in order to get her into position. This was one of those blunders that are worse than crimes in the East, and some unpleasant consequences were only averted by diplomacy. Mr. Bock hastily made a duplicate sketch, which he tore in half to appease the "evil spirits"—having cleverly managed to secrete the original.

There is a good deal about Buddhism in these pages, its forms, worship, discipline, and *Nirvan*, or final extinction. At p. 200 there is a curious sketch of Mount Zinnalo according to the cosmogony of the Laosians. It is like a pillar on a pedestal with a top-heavy capital. The whole is divided into compartments allotted to persons who, while on earth, shall have attained divers degrees of merit either as merely good spirits, or who have built houses for priests, worn white clothing, and said many prayers. The order of merit and the allotment of wives by thousands and millions according to the respective worth of deeds performed on earth, sounds more like the *Bihisht* of the Mussulman; but then Buddhism comes in after all, as the darkness, which in the picture sits like a cloud on the top of the pillar, represents *Nirwana*, the place where there is "no care" and only "perfect happiness." According to Mr. Bock, in several respects the Laosian Buddhist has privileges not accorded to his brethren in Siam and in Burmah. Priests may possess property and many own domestic slaves and goods and chattels. There are many degrees of the novitiate. The day begins with alms-begging, but in lonely tracts the villagers save the priest the trouble of going round with his bowl for rice and fruit, and bring food themselves to the temple. The ordeal of rice-chewing is applied to priests accused of unchastity, but we are not told what the exact punishment is. The perpetual propitiation of evil or angry spirits show the inability of the Buddhist creed to satisfy the human craving for something to worship. The Buddhist is not sensuous or idolatrous like the Hindu, or bigoted like the Mahommedan, but, whether in Lao, Siam, or, as Captain Forbes has told us, in Burma, he must have something to fear, invoke, or propitiate. Besides the *Wat* or temple with its images of Buddha, there is generally another structure, the *Phrachedu*, which is erected everywhere to gain favour with some deity and to atone for some sin. Though smoking is forbidden to priests, they all smoke and chew betel. The latter custom is carried to a very unpleasant excess by everybody, and it is said to aid the digestion at the expense of the teeth and of all appearance. The priestly life in general seemed to Mr. Bock one of indolence from a "Western point of view," but surely not more so than that of friars or monks. A Hindu Mahant at a temple at Gaya and elsewhere does not suggest a career of activity, but the Hindu ascetic or pilgrim makes longer journeys and endures more hardships, we think, than the Buddhist, though the latter does wander about the country in the dry season and visits the Phra Bat, "where Buddha is supposed to have left his footprint." Tattooing is described at some length, and with difficulty the author obtained from an expert the design in fashion in the Lao Country. Dyak women endure this infliction to please their lovers; the Laos to satisfy the female sex. The middle part of the person down to the knee-cap is covered with figures of pigeons, vultures, lions, tigers, monkeys, and demons; and the operation must be extremely painful, causing irritation and swelling and sometimes death. In the eastern parts of Lao the natives wisely content themselves with an odd figure or two on the leg and chest. Mr. Bock naturally draws attention to the facilities for trade and commerce afforded in Siam. He would like to see a railway from Bangkok to Raheng, a distance of three degrees, or roughly calculated, of rather more than two hundred miles. This work would present no greater difficulties than the line from Rangoon to Prome, which is only a trifle less in extent, and the enlightened monarch has only to find the money and send for the English engineer. We hear, too, something about fine timber and minerals, especially copper and tin, but Chinese companies are already in the field and in some places have obtained a monopoly. Mr. Bock met with traders from Yunnan, and pictures of these men with their mules and ponies are amongst the best of the illustrations. We wonder that the author did not attempt to cross the ridges and jungles between Siam and our Burmese provinces, for he especially mentions the trade route to Moulmain. But very likely this would have been no easy adventure, and we can quite understand his wish to return to Bangkok and renew his acquaintance with its enlightened ruler, to whom he has done full justice, as he has to American missionaries and to divers English and other gentlemen employed in the Government service in a country where prestige is still valued and where invidious distinctions of race and colour have not yet been entirely swept away.

WALES SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

WHEN we read of disturbances on the restless borders of the Cape and Natal, we are content to console ourselves with the reflection of Sydney Smith, "Mankind live and flourish, not only in spite of storms and tempests, but (which could not have been anticipated previous to experience) in spite of colonial secretaries." Mankind probably flourish—in a way, and certainly live, at a distance fortunately remote, in spite of Boers, Basutos, missionaries, colonial bishops, Zulus, raids, and Dabulamanzi. Six hundred years ago the English stoicism which easily endures the discomforts of South African politics would have been more hardly put to it by trials nearer home. Wales and the Welsh Marches were in almost exactly the same condition as the Natal frontiers between Boers, Zulus, and the late philanthropic Bishop Colenso. Substitute Gruffyth and Llewellyn for Cetewayo and Dabulamanzi, and Archbishop Peckham for Dr. Colenso, and one has a pretty fair idea of what Wales and England made each other endure. The Welsh clergy occupied the place of missionaries, and were the cause of even more severe perplexities than that modern species of evangelist who ekes out his stipend by selling gunpowder and "square face" gin to the savages. Archbishop Peckham, however, it is fair to say (fair both to him and to Bishop Colenso), was an Englishman first, a philanthropist afterwards, and at a considerable interval. He was most anxious to prevent the Welsh from breaking themselves against the rock of English determination. But when, being exceeding wilful, they *would* go to war, then Peckham turned round, lectured them fiercely, and maintained that, as descendants of Trojan wanderers, they inherited all the vices of Paris of Troy. There certainly was a good deal of the Celtic character in Paris, so the Archbishop's ethnological theories were not without justification.

The new volume of Archbishop Peckham's Letters (edited, with an excellent preface, by Mr. Charles Trice Martin for the Rolls collection) contains nothing more interesting than the picture of English dealings with Wales. English and Celtic characters have only altered for the worse in the last two hundred years. Our savage neighbours in Australia and Africa may still call us faithless, cruel, overbearing; but we have added to these qualities the horror of "blood-guiltiness" when we are getting the worst of it. Our savage neighbours in Ireland or America still remain eager to pick a quarrel, still unamenable to civilization, still content with their own peculiar and prehistoric conceptions of faith, justice, honour, and industry. But they, too, have added cowardice to their other demerits, and only wage a midnight war on kitchenmaids and third-class passengers.

It is not easy to give an account at once brief and lucid of the state of affairs in Wales at the time when Archbishop Peckham was doing his best for the strayed sheep of the fold. Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, a kind of Celtic Panda, who had brought all Wales under his dominion, died in 1240. He was succeeded by his son David; but the people and priests preferred the bastard Gruffyth, whom David kept in confinement. The captive, being a heavy man from want of exercise, broke his neck in trying to escape from the Tower by the old plan of making a rope of his sheets. David died next; the Welsh rejected his sister's son, and did homage to Owen Goch and Llewellyn, son of Gruffyth. When the pair had ruled together for some time, Owen and his younger brother David rose against Llewellyn, and were put down; after which Llewellyn desired to free Wales wholly from English rule. After a border war of various fortune, a treaty was made in 1267 between Llewellyn and Henry III. The conditions of this peace were never kept. The English John Dunns of the period, early settlers in Wales or on the Marches, were ever at informal war with Llewellyn, and their stations, or castles, were perpetually being burned. Edward I. succeeded to Henry III., and Llewellyn refused to do homage. He was bent on finding an excuse for war, and, to be fair, excuses were not far to seek. The English, wherever they had the chance, were imposing their ideas and customs, their distasteful industry, and their singular theory that murder was a public crime and not a private diversion, on the idle, revengeful Celts. War broke out; Llewellyn found that his cause was hopeless, and a new treaty was signed in 1277. In 1278 Llewellyn signed an extradition treaty, sorely against his will, and, as he says, "compelled by the fear which may fall on a constant man," the fear which fell on Messrs. Carey and his allies when they found themselves in peril. After this matters dragged on for two or three years, the Welsh always complaining that the English disregarded their national laws, on the flimsy pretext that these "were contrary to the Ten Commandments." The English answered that they would only accept Welsh laws when Welsh laws were "reasonable." As all the customs by which these gallant Celts set most store were, in English eyes, "unreasonable," our neighbours had much to endure. Wrecking was a well-established and cherished custom of these children of nature, and Llewellyn bitterly laments that his subjects are interfered with in the exercise of this cherished privilege. Then there were the usual quarrels of hostile races. English masons insulted Celtic "nobles," and probably held Welsh titles very meanly. "Welsh farmers selling their produce at Rhuddlan were obliged to take what the English offered or be flogged. Woods were cut down, probably" (Mr. Martin thinks) "to make roads." The English Constable of Oswestry hanged two young Welshmen

* *Registrum Epistolarum Fratris Johannis Peckham, Archiepiscopi Cantuarensis.* Edited by Charles Trice Martin, B.A., F.S.A. Master of the Rolls Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

of noble family, "which hanging their parents would not have borne for 300*l*." In fact, the Welsh were treated much like black fellows in Queensland. We may presume that they also stole cattle, burned and robbed when they got the chance. The spirit of the people became rebellious. In 1280 Edward again offered to observe "all just and reasonable Welsh laws," but irritated the Celts by speaking as if Wales were part of his kingdom. In all the letters and proclamations we mark the common sense and complete self-confidence natural to Englishmen in dealing with backward races. Industry, honesty, justice, the Englishman argues, are obviously reasonable. Tippling, idleness, the blood feud, long days spent in listening to lying legends are obviously unreasonable. The Welsh had much better adopt English ideas and be done with it. In the course of six hundred years the Welsh have been led or bullied into acquiescence with a "reasonableness" which is certainly not "sweet." But St. George's Channel has saved the Irish from this sad fate, and "Irish ideas" are still much what Welsh ideas used to be in the days of Edward I.

Mr. Martin points out that the endless troubles of the Welsh borders were far more hopeless and inveterate than those of the Scotch Marches. On both sides of the Debatable Land the Jocks of the Cow and the Hard-riding Dicks were of the same English blood, and of equal pluck. They fought and plundered according to the rules of the game, and "thanked each other for the sport they had shown." The Welsh, suffering and inflicting all that a lower race endures from and avenges on its masters, broke into rebellion in the Easter of 1280. By July 15, Edward, with a conquering army, was at Rhuddlan. Then Archbishop Peckham stood out courageously between the King and the insurgents, and endeavoured to win the blessing of the peacemaker. As General Gordon was anxious to go alone and meet the Mahdi face to face, so Peckham set forth to meet Llewellyn, "knowing that there was no one else in England willing to undertake such a task." The King, like the present Government, did not sanction the visit to the stranger prince; but Peckham, unlike General Gordon, went his own way all the same. He did not conciliate Llewellyn. Indeed, Peckham's statement of the superiority of the English force and of the favour in which the English cause was held in Rome (p. 436, Letter cccxl.), was likely rather to irritate the Welshmen. Peckham writes, "We most bitterly bewail the report that the Welsh are more cruel than the Saracens [*crudeliores Saracenis*], for when the Saracens take Christians prisoners, they hold them to ransom; but the Welsh are said to cut their captives' throats on the spot, as if they cared for nothing but blood. And, what is even worse, when they do accept ransom, they are reported first to take the money, and then to cut the throats all the same." Which would certainly be the *comble* of meanness. Llewellyn replied that the English spared neither age, nor sex, nor sacred buildings. Probably the border wars were as relentless as feuds between Western settlers and Apaches.

A very bad thing happened now. The Archbishop left Llewellyn for three days, and the English made a treacherous and unsuccessful attack on his position. They were the ancestors of the men who, after teaching the Maoris that Sunday was a taboo day, took the Maori camp on a Sunday, when all the Rangatiras were at their devotions. After this foul blow the honest Maoris gave in. "Where is the pleasure," they said, "in fighting men who behave like you?" Edward was irritated by all that had happened. He offered private terms (which were refused) to the now united Welsh princes. David, in particular, declined to go to the Holy Land. The poor Welsh only asked that they might not be excommunicated, as they were fighting in self-defence. It was now that Peckham lost his temper. Though he afterwards scolded them for their love of the Tale of Troy, he now declares that "they were descended from a Trojan, a friend of Paris, the adulterer," from whom they derived a certain laxity in love affairs. How extraordinary has been the influence of the divine story of Priam and his people! In the time of Herodotus remote barbarians were claiming Trojan descent; in the time of Edward I. the Welsh were basing their claims to wild Wales on their kinship with the wanderers from "the crumbling clay fort on the windy hill" of Hissarlik. To this ancient title Peckham objected that, if the Welsh were Trojans who turned the Scythian giants out of Albion, why should not the English turn *them* out? "Woe to thee that spoilest, shalt thou not be spoiled?" This argument, such as it is, holds good against the absurd argument of the Irish Nationalists. The land was theirs before the snub-nosed Saxon came. But it must have belonged to somebody, whether a Scythian giant or not, before the ancestors of such Land Leaguers as are Celts came that way. Peckham was not more conciliating when the Welsh demanded the restoration of their own "unreasonable" laws. As for the legislator "Howelda," *auctoritatem ei Diabolus delegavit.* So Peckham poured Biblical texts and insults on the Welsh; they continued in revolt, and Llewellyn was killed in a skirmish by a knight who did not know him.

Here ended for the time Peckham's connexion with Wales. His other letters are full of most interesting details about the private life of clergy and laity, abbesses and priors, and public rights in churches and Welsh fashions in dress, about Jews and friars and nunneries. Peckham was a man just within the letter of the law, but not tolerant of new Jewish synagogues nor old Welsh ideas. His letters are a valuable addition to the materials of the historian, who has great cause to praise Mr. Martin.

FRENCH DRAMATIC CLASSICS.*

If a taste for exact literature is not implanted in the minds of the coming generation, it will not be the fault of the latest purveyors of school-books. Everywhere we see the signs of a more liberal system of education, and of the substitution of what is bright, fresh, and accurate for the respectable generalizations of the dull old school. The little books before us are a striking instance of this. Instead of being edited by schoolmasters or professors, they are introduced to us by two well-known poets, the name of each of whom suggests to the public anything rather than the labours of Dr. Dryasdust. Yet there is no real reason for surprise. Why should young people be dragged with discourteous violence to the Temple of Instruction? Nor are the poets worse teachers, from the purely technical point of view, than the dreariest pedagogue in the country. In point of exactitude, in comprehension of the words and passages which present difficulty to the untrained, in patience of research and in sympathy for ignorance, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Lang have nothing to learn from their most experienced colleagues in education.

The series to which these little books belong is edited by Mr. Saintsbury, and under his guidance aims at something quite new in the treatment of modern dramatic literature. His own edition of Corneille's *Horace*, which appeared two years ago, has supplied the type of a modern French play approached exactly as a scholiast would approach a Greek tragedy, with copious prolegomena and full illustrative notes. The text, very carefully collated with the best editions, forms the centre of the work, and is placed in a setting which exhausts all that curiosity can desire to know regarding the author and his antecedents, or the play and its relations. For instance, the *Barbier de Séville* opens with a sketch of the life and writings of Beaumarchais, and this is followed by an essay on the progress of French comedy, which is to be repeated in each edition of a comic play. This essay is by Mr. Saintsbury, and is noticeable for its breadth of view, and for the skill with which the critic contrives to show us the central thread of unaltering Gallic wit running through the various dramatic literature of six hundred years. In the *Barbier de Séville* there then follows, by Mr. Austin Dobson, an essay on the stage in the time of Beaumarchais, another on the "Drame Sérieux" before Beaumarchais, and a third to introduce the particular play to students. All these essays are full of interesting matter, gracefully applied, and the text is finally succeeded by nine pages of ingenious notes.

As far as literature is concerned there can be no doubt that Beaumarchais is less known than Molière, and *Le Barbier de Séville* less read than the *Précieuses Ridicules*. It is, therefore, to Mr. Dobson's volume that we turn with particular curiosity. His life of his author is careful and minute, and contains facts which are, if not new, yet certainly not familiar to the ordinary student. His account of the well-known Angelucci, or, as it is sometimes called, Hatkinson incident, differs widely from that which Beaumarchais himself gave forth, and which his biographers have repeated. According to this story, the dramatist was sent on a delicate mission, in 1774, to suppress a libel on Marie Antoinette which was being prepared by a Jew, who called himself Angelucci in Amsterdam and Hatkinson (or Atkinson) in London. Beaumarchais's romantic tale was that he succeeded in bribing the Jew to burn both editions of this brochure, but that Angelucci succeeded in secreting a copy, and hurried off to Nüremburg to reprint it. Beaumarchais started after him, caught him in a wood in Bavaria, and valorously felled and stripped him, only to be himself despoiled and wounded a little while afterwards by brigands. Unfortunately, it now appears, as Mr. Dobson tells us, that there was no Angelucci, that the pamphlet was Beaumarchais's own, and that the wounds received in the wood at Neustadt were self-inflicted. This is very discreditable, but it is an interesting trait in the character of Figaro.

Among Mr. Austin Dobson's notes we may mention one or two which seem to us new and very happy. The famous "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante" he traces to a passage in the eighteenth *Spectator*, "Nothing is capable of being well set to Musick, that is not Nonsense." In the same scene we do not think that any one before our editor has pointed out the relation of "Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer" to Byron's words in *Don Juan*:—

> And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
> 'Tis that I may not weep.

Mr. Andrew Lang has a lighter touch in prose than Mr. Austin Dobson, who seems to keep his laughter for his verses. To Mr. Lang, on the contrary, as we all know, not palæontology, nor church architecture, nor the deities of the Society Islanders are safe from the arrows of a universal spirit of mirth. However serious he may be for a moment, it needs but for one of the abstruser sciences to approach him, and

> Quand il la prenait dans ses bras,
> Sa gaîté s'éveillait encore.

In the prolegomena to his text of the *Précieuses Ridicules* he is as thorough and as learned as possible, but we are never certain that we shall finish the page without a laugh, often at a very small point, where the critic is really speaking *sotto voce*, and cracking a

* *Beaumarchais—Le Barbier de Séville.* Edited by Austin Dobson. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Molière—Les Précieuses Ridicules. Edited by Andrew Lang. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

little joke with himself. The subject of his play gives him infinite opportunity of passing gibes at the foibles of our own contemporary society, with its weaknesses and follies, its tasteless revolts against brutality and dulness, and its tyranny of fashion. We may close with a paragraph which we find in a little essay on "The Comic Stage in the Age of Molière":—

Not much attention was paid to stage effect and scenery. When Thomiris called *A moi, soldats!* the advance of the Scythian levies was indicated by a painting of an army, which was drawn over an impracticable bridge. . . . As to archæological accuracy, no one ever dreamed of attaining it. As late as 1811, a modern inkstand with quill pens was placed on the table of Agamemnon! And this was after Wolf's celebrated *Prolegomena*, in which it may be said to be demonstrated that the Homeric age did not use quill pens.

SOME NEW PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.*

THE appearance of the translation of Lotze's *Logic* and *Metaphysics* is an event of considerable interest. It argues, for one thing, that even at Oxford it is becoming known that there have been thinkers in Germany since Hegel. The fact, too, that the idea of this translation originated with the late Professor Green suggests that the Hegelians, or those who have been taken to be such, are finding it worth while to see what is said by thinkers whose mode of philosophizing is in many respects directly opposed to that of Hegel. The work of translation has been carried out by a number of Oxford men—the editor, Mr. Bosanquet, undertaking to keep the whole consistent and uniform. And both he and his collaborateurs are to be congratulated on their success. The translation is in the main clear and idiomatic, and the differences of style of the several contributors do not force themselves disagreeably on the reader's notice. Lotze's thought is often of the subtlest, and his style correspondingly difficult; so that the labour of conveying his precise meaning into our less philosophically developed language is very considerable. To a large extent these difficulties have been surmounted. Thus such troublesome words as *Vorstellung* and *gleich* (which last means not simply equal in magnitude, but perfectly similar or identical) have been managed very well. We cannot, however, commend the almost habitual rendering of *Seele* by "soul." The term mind has become fixed in modern English psychology; and to talk of soul when there is not the remotest reference to the hypothesis of a spiritual substance is unidiomatic, if not positively misleading. It sounds, indeed, almost grotesque when the translators talk of a "dog's soul" and of a "busy soul." We do not understand, too, why, when the term stimulus (which can always be helped out by "excitant") has become the firm possession of psychology, the word "irritant," which has a distinctly physiological reference, should be employed to denote the external agent or influence (*Reiz*) which excites the mind to activity.

Lotze repels or attracts, according to the nature of the reader, by the very fact that he cannot easily be labelled. He does not fit readily into our pigeon-hole arrangements. In many respects he might be called a materialist. It is certain, at least, that he fully recognized the fact that mind co-exists with and is in a manner determined by body. His early physiological studies, undertaken with the view of making medicine a profession, gave him a familiarity with the facts of physiological psychology, to which branch of science, indeed, he made valuable contributions. Yet with the scientific materialism he combined a thoroughly spiritualistic view of mind. His wide and accurate acquaintance with the methods of physical science led him to view the course of nature as a mechanical process everywhere conditioned by definite antecedents. At the same time, by resolving the inner essence of material things into a quasi-spiritual principle, he is enabled to give a teleological significance and something of a poetic colouring to the movements of nature. Again, while setting out with the idea of Leibnitz and Herbart, that the universe consists of a multitude of simple independent existences, he finally abandons this Pluralism for a Monism which asserts the interdependence and unity of the sum of things. His mind was too critical and too original to allow him to follow in the track of any one philosopher, and thus we find in him points of contact with Hegel as with Herbart. Nothing, indeed, could be better fitted to teach Englishmen how far we still are from having heard the last word in philosophic speculation than a perusal of Lotze's writings. He is always pointing out difficulties, and suggesting new vistas of thought, where we are apt to suppose that everything has been made clear and definite.

By aid of the two volumes now translated the English reader has an opportunity of studying Lotze's principles at first hand. The *Logic* is in many respects a remarkable book, if only for the original way in which the author conceives and deals with his subject. It consists of three books—on Thought (Pure Logic), on Investigation (Applied Logic), and on Knowledge (Methodology). The first unfolds the doctrine of Formal Logic by means of the author's conception of thought as an active process, supervening on the passive reproduction of ideas, by which a consciousness of "the ground of their coherence" is added. The treatment of the Concept, the act of Judgment, and Inference from this point of view is striking and suggestive. Subjects of great interest not usually dealt with in logic, such as the relation of the different parts of speech to the process of thought, and the nature of the impersonal judgment, receive careful attention. The second book deals with induction, and, though making no reference to Mill, has evidently been written in view of his system. Lotze's intimate acquaintance with the methods of physical inquiry here stands him in good stead. And an interesting application of principles to political science appears in the shape of a chapter on election and voting. The last book supplies what is wanting to make up a complete theory of knowledge, and forms a natural transition to the second volume on Metaphysic. This work again falls into three books (Lotze seems to have almost a superstitious fondness for the number three), dealing with "The Connexion of Things" (Ontology) "Cosmology," and "Psychology." We have already hinted at the underlying idea of this volume. We must leave it to the reader to find out for himself the art with which it is developed into a systematic doctrine. As the latest attempt by a thinker of the highest calibre to reassert, in full view of recent scientific speculations on the origin of life and so forth, the necessity of the teleological view of things, this volume deserves careful attention. Whether the reader agree with the author or not, he cannot fail to have his intellectual horizon widened, and to be stimulated to follow out new and interesting paths of inquiry. It may, however, be as well to tell the reader who intends attacking these volumes that they will probably seem hard reading at first. The peculiar cast of Lotze's mind, and the circumstances and influences which helped to shape his thought, put him at a great distance from the stream of English speculation. Yet this circumstance need not be altogether a disadvantage. Lotze is far less artificial and technical than Kant, whom of course everybody reads; and much less transcendental than Hegel, whom (according to some) we all ought to read. And a little effort at the outset will carry the beginner over the difficulties of a new standpoint and a new method. One cannot but wish, however, that Lotze had been introduced to English readers in his much more readable work, *Mikrokosmus*, which smacks less of the professor and more of the man of letters. But we are glad to learn that this want is soon to be supplied by the same enterprising hands that have given us the present two volumes.

It is a long step from Lotze to Hartmann. The former has all the thoroughness and all the rigorous exactness of the trained academic metaphysician. The latter has all the clearness and all the pointedness of the popular thinker. To Lotze the problem of the universe was infinitely complex; to Hartmann it is perfectly simple. His essentially inductive mind, which reminds one not infrequently of Herbert Spencer, seizes a principle in a multitude of facts, and, using this as a lever, is able to get at the foundation of the cosmic structure. The steady onward movement of his mind towards a clearly seen goal is exhilarating to the reader. And then how interesting the regions explored, the curious half-lit domain of organic processes, animal instincts, mysticism, art-creation, and so forth! Nothing is less interesting than what is perfectly understood, and nobody has better realized this truth than Hartmann. And even when, having come to the end of his inductive path, he places himself in the company of the accredited metaphysicians and proceeds by the aid of his blind "unconscious" and the intellectual or logical principle which, like a pitiful Cordelia, comes to the aid of the sightless sufferer, to deduce the great world-process, how delightfully concrete, imaginative, anthropomorphic is his thought, in spite of the appearance of metaphysical abstruseness and logical severity! Little wonder that Germany, which must have a system of philosophy, and has grown rather tired of late of its very technical teachers, should rush to the Hartmannian fountain, and drink off nine successive editions of the *Philosophy of the Unconscious*.

There is nothing like success to make men agreeable in their manners. Only the weakest and most stupid of persons grow bombastic and arrogant through good fortune. A clever man knows that it is much better to practise at such a time, in the presence of his admirers and others, a little judicious self-disparagement; and the circumstances of the case render this exercise of virtue easy. Others have deprecated praise; but few, perhaps, have gone so far as Hartmann in running down his own system. Some time ago he published an anonymous volume, in which he urged a variety of arguments against his philosophy. The secret of the authorship was kept for a time, and the originator of the joke had no doubt a hearty laugh at the gullibility of his hostile critics, who of course greeted the appearance of another assailant with acclamation. When he had had enough of this, he judiciously allowed the secret to come out; and thus he had the deeper delight of being acknowledged as a large-minded man, far from the tyranny of system, and yet so certain of the strength of the foundations of his edifice that he could afford to play at throwing stones at its upper stories. A like recklessness, only possible to the man who is assured of fortune's smiles, displays itself in the curious prefaces to the later editions of his *opus magnum*. Here the great man shows himself in the most gracious of moods. He sets himself, quite in an impartial objective way, to account for the success of his work, just as though the idea that the writer's ability had anything to do with this result had never occurred to him. With charming *naïveté*, he describes the state of philosophical hunger which preceded the appearance of his work, to which of course all his success is due, modestly observing that

* *Lotze's System of Philosophy*. Vol. I. Logic. Vol. II. Metaphysic. Edited by B. Bosanquet, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.
Philosophy of the Unconscious. By Ed. von Hartmann. Authorized Translation, by W. C. Coupland, M.A., B.Sc. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.
Essays on the Philosophy of Theism. By the late W. J. Ward, Ph.D. Edited by W. Ward. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.
The Theory of Morals. By Paul Janet. Translated by Mary Chapman. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1884.

"the *exaggerated* estimate frequently formed of the *Philosophy of the Unconscious* must be in large measure attributed to the circumstance that its value was measured against the background (*sic*) of the Guild-philosophy, which gave it an intrinsically undeserved prominence by the force of contrast." There seems to be only one tiny shadow of discontent to mar the bright serenity of his spirit, and that is the reflection that the scientific world has not yet hailed him as a new light. But here again he displays his striking magnanimity by abstaining from all appearance of complaint, and by exercising a spirit of generous compassion for men sunk in the slough of a "crass mechanical and anti-teleological" view of nature.

We have said enough perhaps to suggest to the reader that Hartmann and his "Unconscious" are a phenomenon worthy of study. In many respects, indeed, the appearance of such a work in philosophical literature is unique. To use an Americanism, we may say that it is the biggest thing in the way of speculation which this age has seen. And we have little doubt that it will be read by the English-speaking race as by the Germans. In truth, it can hardly fail to be delightful reading, whether approached with the attitude of reverent discipleship or with that of sceptical levity. As a piece of dashing literary composition it is sure to command attention. And, if other reasons were wanting, the fact that the author manages in the course of his argument to hit all the respectable authorities, academical philosophers, theologians, and the rest, is certain to secure him a wide hearing. Whether there is latent in the English mind just now much of that pessimistic temper to which the book so effectually appeals in Germany remains to be seen. However this be, the work was too phenomenal a one not to be translated. And Herr von Hartmann is fortune's favourite once more in having so excellent a translator. Mr. Coupland is already known to a few as a close and accurate student of psychology and philosophy. And the effects of special training in a subject in giving certainty, accuracy, and ease to a translator's touch show themselves in every chapter of the volume. We have not been able to find a single considerable error. The way in which that crux of translators of German philosophy, "Vorstellung," is managed is excellent. "Presentation," "representation," "idea," these and other words are made to render its meaning according to circumstances. The author is to be commended, further, for his courage in holding to the form of the German where this is distinctly Hartmannian, as, for example, in the heading "The Becoming-Conscious of the Idea." And to this technical accuracy Mr. Coupland adds considerable stylistic excellence, so that he manages very skilfully to reproduce the vigorous idiomatic and homely phraseology of the original.

Mr. Wilfred Ward's republication from the *Dublin Review* of Dr. Ward's Essays will be welcomed by this thinker's admirers. Dr. Ward occupied an exceptional position in English philosophy as a Roman Catholic thinker. Among the popular leaders of the hour J. S. Mill naturally attracted a good deal of his attention. And the first volume of these Essays is mainly occupied with a critical examination of his philosophic position. Dr. Ward shows much of that acuteness in criticism which seems to be in a special manner the concomitant of modern Catholic belief of the more reflective sort. The point of his criticism of Mill is that, though professing to dispense with "intuition" in the pursuit of truth, he surreptitiously introduces it in the very groundwork of his system. In his postulate that memory is trustworthy, and in his further assumption that nature is uniform, Mill is essentially an intuitivist. According to Dr. Ward's editor, Mill, Professor Huxley, and the rest are conjurors performing feats of sleight-of-hand, and Dr. Ward is the smart "scientist" who attends the performance in order to find out the jugglery. Perhaps the author, who is always polite, would not have approved of this vivid but rather saucy way of putting the matter. As is only natural in an editor who seems also a relative of the author, Mr. W. Ward looks very complacently on the results of his hero's efforts. Others may perhaps be less dazzled by the skill of Dr. Ward's dialectic. It almost makes one smile to hear that the author made a great discovery in showing that Mill assumed the veracity of memory. As if anybody sane enough to conduct a controversy would ever dream of questioning its veracity. When Mr. Ward has shown that we all, as a matter of fact, *do* admit *some* intuitive knowledge, he is still a long way from showing that we all, as a matter of consistency, *ought to* admit a definite group of intuitions specially singled out as such by a particular school of thinkers. What we really want is a criterion of genuineness by which to test so-called intuitive truths, a criterion which will satisfy everybody; and this Dr. Ward has not yet given us. Dr. Ward's long dispute with Mill, Dr. Bain, and Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, on that well-worn topic free-will, shows his strength and adroitness in debate, but cannot be said to add anything to a thoroughly exhausted controversy. Yet, whatever the reader may think of the force of Dr. Ward's reasonings, he will be ready to admit that his writings deserve to have a place among the landmarks of modern philosophical and theological thought. He thinks steadily and expresses himself clearly and vigorously, and to say this is by no means small praise.

It is not easy at first to understand why M. Janet's work on morals, published apparently some eleven years ago, should be selected for translation. Ethics, though slow of gait, does move on; and since this work was written the theory of morals has been considerably developed in this country as abroad. It is difficult, too, to discover anything very distinctive in M. Janet's fundamental conceptions or in his mode of treatment. Like earlier members of the philosophic school of which he is a distinguished member, his doctrine is largely an assimilation of German ideas. It is only fair, indeed, to the author to say that he explicitly avows the eclectic character of his theory. He strongly approves, he tells us, "the method which is called conciliatory." It must be understood, however, that this effort at conciliation embraces only writers having fundamental principles in common. The whole work might without serious inaccuracy be described as a going back to Aristotle's *Ethics*, with the advantage of having read Leibniz, Kant, Schleiermacher, and some other modern intuitivists. This retrogression may be a proof of M. Janet's sagacity; for a good case can be made out for the ultimate insolubility of ethical problems; and supposing them to be insoluble there is much to be said for listening to Aristotle's account of them rather than to that of a modern, say Mr. Spencer or Mr. Sidgwick. On the other hand, there are a good many persons who do not take this despondent view of moral science. They see, or think they see, that we have moved far away from the standpoint of Greek ethics, and that we are on the road to a practical solution of ethical questions. Work like that of Mr. Sidgwick, Mr. Spencer, or Mr. Leslie Stephen, is distinctly in the direction of a reconciliation of opposing tendencies in ethics such as M. Janet has not conceived of in his plan of conciliation; and those who have thoroughly assimilated those writers are hardly likely to go back to Aristotle. While, however, M. Janet's work cannot be described as "epoch-making," it is in many respects interesting and suggestive, and gives side glimpses into regions of the history of morals which are not too familiar to Englishmen. Indeed, the chief merit of M. Janet's writings is that they evince careful study of other men's ideas. His is essentially the historical mind which finds a value in all systems (provided they are only intuitional at bottom) just because they are historical, and proposes to itself as its highest goal the assimilation of what is best in the systems. The translator, it may be added, appears to have done her work conscientiously, and to have succeeded in reproducing the sense of the original in a fairly readable form.

TWO NOVELS.*

MR. BLACKMORE'S new book is neither allegory nor novel, neither satire nor romance, but a mixture—not altogether a successful mixture—of all four. A good, sturdy, valiant Englishman, with a profound contempt for Radicalism and Radicals, and a passionate affection for the old-fashioned national virtues and the old-fashioned national glories, he has worked his indignation with things as they are into a counterfeit presentment, partly humorous and partly symbolical, of things as he thinks they ought to be; and the resultant is something which, while often very good reading indeed, is wholly satisfactory from no single point of view, but is felt to be a trifle disappointing, whether we consider it as fiction or as satire, or even as the hybrid the author has intended it to be. The elements of character and manners and romance are hardly full and strong enough for a good novel; the allegory and the sarcasm are hardly happy and complete enough in conception, or sustained and vigorous enough in execution, to make a good satire, political or social. Mr. Blackmore, in fact, has chosen to sit on too many stools at once, and between them has rather come to the ground.

The hero, Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart., M.P. (plain Tommy Upmore to all Europe), is the son of Bucephalus Upmore, a highly respectable soap-boiler in the Maiden Lane of a certain number of years ago. And his story, such as it is, sets forth how Tommy not only married the girl of his heart, but actually saved his country from Panclast and the Radicals, and became immortal for mustering a tremendous Conservative majority, for re-awakening the antique British spirit. This he did while yet a mere youngster, as the representative of an East Anglian pocket-borough; but before he did it he had (Mr. Blackmore being a professional novelist and humorist) to go through a certain amount of fiction, achieve a certain round of adventures, and appear, for all the legendary quality to which he was presently to owe his fame, as the principal figure in a certain number of scenes of manners and studies of character. Beginning as nearly as possible *ab ovo*, he tells us of his boyish games in Maiden Lane, of his father and mother, and of how "there used to be a fine smell in our parlour of lemons and sugar and a black bottle" when his sailor Uncle William appeared on the scene: with some pleasant particulars about their neighbours—Chumps the butcher, with his valiant son, and Windsor the soap-boiler, with his genteel wife and Polly, their daughter, a charming young person, though flat-footed. In due course he reaches his schooldays at the Partheneion, where he studied the humanities under Dr. Rumbelow (now a bishop), and met his great and glorious friend Professor Megalow (who reminds us of Professor Owen), and developed the peculiar capacity by whose exercise he was one day to save his country and bring confusion on the head of Panclast—Panclast, as like Mr. Gladstone as one pea is like

* *The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart., M.P., formerly known as "Tommy Upmore."* By R. D. Blackmore. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

The New Dance of Death. By A. Egmont Hake and J. G. Lefebre. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

another. 'Twas a strange and perilous gift, for it amounted to nothing less than the ability to fly. Tommy's specific gravity was most abnormal. With the wind at his back he could go like a bird, but with the wind in his teeth even Polly Windsor, flat-footed as she was, could beat him easily; and when he was excited—with indignation, or romance, or any noble sentiment—he could rise into the air, and speed through it like a pigeon on the wing or the astral form of Mme. Blavatsky's best adept. This property it was which got him the acquaintance of those eminent "scientists" (Mr. Blackmore abhors the word, and pillories it between inverted commas), Professors Brachipod, Jargoon, Chocolous, and Mullicles, who debated upon him in a manner that suggests, albeit a little dimly and remotely, the manner of Molière's physicians, and in whose persons Mr. Blackmore evidently pretends to ridicule a good deal of what is ridiculous in modern culture. Tommy is no genius; but he is superior to his fellows in the matter of specific gravity ("Now these things are an allegory"); and thanks to this, he is everwhere successful. A flight at Yarmouth, or thereabouts, brings him into contact with young Sir Roland Twentifold and Sir Roland's sister, Laura. At Oxford, his superhuman lightness makes him the best coxswain that ever steered the Dark Blues to victory. And when, as Laura's betrothed and Sir Roland's nominee, he enters Parliament in the Conservative interest as member for Larkmount, it enables him to create that prodigious and most glorious sensation to which we have already referred.

The occasion was one which has much in common with a recent Vote of Censure debate. British officers had been sent out as British agents, and the British Government had abandoned them; and there was, besides, a Bill (the first of seven) to hand over all the foreign possessions of England to the nations to which they had originally belonged, and to distribute her fleet among them as well. Panclast had temporized and demurred and exhaled a mighty mist of explanation and argument; Lord Grando Crushbill, "without condescending to consult mephitic oracles," had arisen and "met the vile Bill with . . . . the downright 'damn' which every foreigner knows well to be the word by which we live"; Sir Roland had said his say, so had Joe Cowle, the sweep (M.P. for Chimneystacks), so had an honourable member who, from a trick he had of speaking against his party and voting for them immediately after, may be identified with Mr. Forster; Panclast had replied; and all seemed lost for ever. But Tommy rose to his legs, and from his legs to the roof of the Commons; from that eminence he caught the Speaker's eye; and producing a Union Jack from his pocket, he sang a song about a certain flag—

> The flag that's braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze.

The effect was electrical. Even the Irish members joined the chorus; the Bill was thrown out by a majority of fifty; the Government went out, and never came in again. Now the Panclast ideals are a thing of the past. "The humbug of" free-trade is dead at last. The blessing of "Paternal Government" (delivered over the wrong dish of broth) is gone back, like a curse, to roost at home. An Englishman now may eat his breakfast without gulping down more lies than tea; and may smile at his children without a smothered sigh at prolonging a race of dastards. In a word, we have now a Government that knows its own mind and has a mind to know," and we can at will, "to save our home, recall that true supporter of our shield and sword, noble once, and not yet ignoble, the sturdy old lion of England."

The New Dance of Death, like *Tommy Upmore*, is touched with actuality. But the actuality is of a different type; and the purpose of the work, its characters and scenes, its atmosphere and style, its significance, ethical and æsthetic, are different likewise. The book's matter is life as it is; its personages are the men and women of to-day—the professional beauties, the fashionable actors, the æsthetic curates, the pretty actresses, the Happy Elizas of the Salvation Army, the heroes of Monte Carlo and Sandown Park, the Wicked Noblemen who exist but to point a moral and disfigure a tale, and the fair women who make life beautiful and the brave men who make life honourable in spite of that "devil's rigadoon" which constitutes their environment. With these and their doings it is that Messrs. Hake and Lefebre have chosen to deal. They have much to say, and they say it in a style which, in these days of fine writing and finer morality, is worthy of praise. That the originals of their characters will be, rightly or wrongly, identified is unquestionable. Lord Wilborough is made up of more drunkards and debauchees than one; but everybody will recognize him for a particular debauchee and drunkard. Kitty Milroy, the actress of burlesque, recalls a good half-dozen vestals of the Sacred Lamp; but she will be at once identified with a certain individual priestess. And as it is with the characters, so is it with the plot, and with the incidents of which it is compacted. Whether the authors' method is, or is not, legitimate is a question that need not here be discussed. It is enough that they have thought fit to employ it, and that in the main they have something fresh and pertinent to tell, something novel and interesting to record. They are, indeed, so deeply interested in the fact that they are not always sufficiently concerned about its artistic expression. They know a good deal about life, but on the subject of character they are not yet able to discourse to us as artists should. In their next book they must give us less actuality and more creation; and they will be read, not for their experience, but for their art. That they have it in them to achieve this consummation certain scenes in *The New Dance of Death*—as, for instance, the meeting of Wilborough and Lenner Deigh at "The Jungle," and Wilborough's last interview with his wife, the latter of which, for all its incompleteness and artistic imperfectness, is one of the most daring things in latter-day fiction—abundantly prove.

TWO MUSICAL BOOKS.*

OF all the eccentricities into which people are led by the passion for possessing unique objects, the collecting of old violins without any idea of playing on them seems to be the most absurd and inexcusable. The beauty and interest of violins lie in nothing but the beautiful sounds they produce, and the marvellous manner in which a fine instrument lends itself to become almost part of the performer, and enables him to utter the most lovely and expressive music that can be heard in the world. It is but little better than robbery to be keeping them dumbly boxed up for show, and it is scarcely more excusable for millionaires to be running up the prices, and keeping such magical means of musical expression from men, and women too, who know how to use them, in order that their amateurish progeny may mock the subtle ingenuity of their makers by their unintelligent and irresponsible scraping. Even musical people are hardly aware for how much a first-rate instrument counts in the success of a first-rate violinist. They see, of course, when they use their wits, that the fulness and beauty of tone must make a good deal of difference; but they do not realize that a man can hardly lead a quartet of powerful players with success unless he has a really good instrument, and that there are some fine and powerful effects which are impossible on a second-rate one. When one knows what the difference amounts to it is enough to make one feel socialistic about fiddles, and wish that the treasures in the form of really fine examples could become the property of the nation, and only be given out to men or for occasions that are worthy of them. On the whole, there is comfort in the reflection that violinists are pretty fortunate, considering how entirely they are at the mercy of chance in such an important matter. Most distinguished performers on violin or cello at the present day are blessed with an instrument worthy of their powers, and some have even more than one. But it is a cruel thought that a man can hardly command success with his natural abilities, even if they are of a very high order, unless he can, somehow or other, become possessor of one of these excessively expensive luxuries. A really fine violin may cost twice as much as the finest pianoforte by Broadwood, Steinway, or Erard; and even with luck a man can hardly get a thoroughly good one by an old maker under the ordinary price of the cumbrous domestic music machine; and musicians are not, as a rule, blessed with the superfluity of funds needed for such outlay; while such a thing as picking up old instruments in out-of-the-way corners at lucky prices is next to impossible. Violin-hunting has been done almost more thoroughly and in a more businesslike way than even picture-hunting, which still occasionally rewards, the artistic sportsman. Violins of the highest order are considerably less numerous than interesting examples of early Italian painters; and the hand of such a man as Luigi Tarisio, who searched all the corners of his country, and developed in himself a sort of special instinct for discovering the places where they lay hid, and the excellence or worthlessness of his quarry, pretty well cleared all the shy retreats where they could lie hidden. And so between the competition of artists and the fancy of rich amateurs the price of these wonderful instruments has got run up to many times their weight in gold; and perhaps they may go up further still if millionaires are not merciful, till it ultimately becomes the crowning marvel of the strange history of the instrument, that it is too expensive a luxury for any one who can play to keep. The history is altogether full of the strangest mysteries and perplexities, which the excellent little book of Mr. Fleming puts well, clearly, and comprehensively for any one who takes an intelligent interest in such a matter. In the first place, there is mystery enough at all times in a lost art, and it really appears as if the possibility of making a violin at all comparable to the old ones was utterly gone and unrecoverable. People have got all the advantages of the most delicate and sensitive machinery, all the experience of ages of musical development, and all the fruits of acoustical experiments and calculations, and yet they cannot put together a little box of wood with holes in it in such a way that, when compared with those made a couple of centuries ago, they are fit to be called even decent fiddles. And it is not the age of the old ones that makes the difference; it is the art with which they were made, and nothing more. In fact, the skill seems to have been developed by a sort of special instinct, just as it has been with the art to which these perfect instruments minister. The mathematical problems to be coped with would probably be beyond the capacities of even distinguished modern mathematicians—considering the many conditions which have to be allowed for—and they certainly were beyond such men as Joseph Guarnerius and Nicholas Amati, or even the practical-minded Antonio Stradivari, with all his experiments. The great makers evidently arrived at some general principles in the course of a few genera-

* *Old Violins and their Makers.* By James M. Fleming. London: L. Upcott Gill.

Celebrated Musicians: a Collection of Portraits, with Biographical Notices. Translated from the German, with an Appendix for England, by M. F. S. Harvey. London: Sampson Low & Co.

tions, and then achieved their masterpieces by giving their whole minds to the matter. The achievement seems to have been done by a sort of happy guesswork; or, at all events, by that kind of loose generalizing which a careful mechanic or a scientific experimenter in modern times would look upon as unpractical and unsafe. In later days and in other countries the same sort of conditions seem to have been favourable both in violin and bow making; for men like the unfortunate Jacob Stainer, the best of German makers, and the Forsters in England, were certainly not scientifically trained men; while in the line of bow-making, which seems to entail almost as difficult and delicate calculations as violin-making itself, the famous Frenchman and prince of bow-makers, Tourte, is described as wholly uneducated, and unable even to read or write; while the best of English bow-makers, John Dodd, was apparently something of the same stamp, and spent great part of his life in beer-shops, and ended it in Richmond Workhouse. The most successful of modern French violin-makers, Vuillaume, was a different sort of person; but he, too, seems to have had a special instinct to help him, which he improved by a patient study of the works of the great masters of his art, and by copying them with minute care, and so mastering at least the feeling of their work. A further mystery is that these great masters should have sprung from such a few, and those not first-class, towns in Italy. Gasparo da Salo, who was one of the earliest of the great group of makers, worked in Brescia; and so did Maggini. The Amatis, from Andrew downwards; the family of the Guarnerius, all the Stradivari, and Carlo Bergonzi lived at Cremona. So two towns of no great importance claim all but one of all the makers whose instruments are fit for great violinists to play on; and the why and the wherefore it should be so is certainly enough to puzzle a modern, who naturally enough thinks everything ought to be possible with our knowledge of acoustics and mathematics. There is another point, too, which is liable to be overlooked, and it is rather funny as well as puzzling—which is, that a great proportion of these unsurpassable fiddles were made, and certainly the earlier part of the work of deciding their form was gone through, when there were neither fiddlers of any ability to play on them nor music fit for them to play. Even up to the time of our Charles II. the violin was not looked upon as quite a respectable instrument. Musical men of dignity and self-respect used to play upon viols—stiff, clumsy, heavy, thick-wooded, but picturesque, instruments, with almost every deficiency in the matter of expressive power that could be devised in a member of the violin class. Corelli's and Biber's works for violins, which are the first works of the kind that appear to us to have any musical interest or expressiveness in them, were not before the world till after 1680; and Gasparo da Salo was out of the world by about 1610, and Maggini by 1680. Nicholas Amati—greatest of the name—must have nearly finished his work when Corelli began, for he died in 1684; Antonio Stradivari, the greatest of them all, was Corelli's contemporary, but he did a great deal of his work before Corelli's time; and even Corelli's works, smooth and pleasant as they are, are not the things to draw out the powers of such wonderful instruments as these. It seems as if the instruments were made on speculation a century or so before they were wanted, and without quite knowing what they were wanted for; for their makers cannot possibly have had the least conception of the sort of use a Paganini or a Joachim were going to put their works to; and music such as Beethoven's or Wagner's could never by any possibility have entered into their wildest dreams. There were some few makers besides these few Italians who had fair success. There was, for instance, the French family of Lupot, whose most distinguished member, Nicolas, did such good work that Spohr was able to achieve many of his successes with one of his instruments. But most of the great violinists and cellists have depended upon the little circle of Italians; and except it be Jacob Stainer, who was actually a pupil of the Amati house, it would be difficult to find how they could safely trust themselves elsewhere.

Mr. Fleming's book, besides plenty of general information well and amusingly put, contains a few details about all the makers worth knowing, from the days when lute-making, and viol-making, and violin-making were in the same hands, till Vuillaume, and makers and distinguished repairers even of the present day, and a complete list of names and dates, and an index which makes the book most useful for reference. He also enters fully into the difficult question of varnish and violin acoustics, and expresses his opinion about the pernicious habit of collecting violins with the view of gloating over their dumb bodies in a manner which every one with a feeling for music ought to endorse warmly. He also expresses an idea that a school of violin-making might be successfully worked in this country in connexion with one of the big musical educational establishments, which in times when all things connected with music seem to be improving in the country, need not be altogether impracticable.

Another book which serves to show us pretty clearly how we stand for musicians in this country is a collection of portraits of "Celebrated Musicians," with short biographical notices, which was first brought out in Germany without much reference to this country, and has been republished with an "Appendix for England," under the careful superintendence of Miss M. F. S. Harvey. The representatives of the art from Palestrina and Lasso and Tallis and Byrd down to the present day, have been very carefully and well chosen, and the portraits, which are little oval medallions, are well arranged at the rate of thirty or so on a page. The modern ones are mostly from photographs, the old ones from well-authenticated pictures, which it must have been no small labour to get at. It certainly will be very pleasant to most musical people to be able to see what the men whose works have interested and delighted them looked like in the flesh; and the little biographical summaries, though condemned by the limits of space to be incomplete in matters of detail, are certainly in most cases quite to the point, and give in as few words as may be the characteristics and principal titles to fame of their subjects. German musicians are most copiously represented, as it is right they should be; but Englishmen have liberal space as well, and it is to be hoped that if another appendix is wanted thirty years hence, it may have to occupy twice as much room.

THE CHAMPION ON BILLIARDS.*

THIS book is the joint production of Mr. Cook—who decorates his name on the title-page with the proud, but of late years transient, addition of Champion—and Mr. Payne, who, in the capacity of editor, contributes, by way of introductory and concluding chapters, nearly half the entire letterpress. Between them they cover the whole range of billiard literature. The editor leads off with a formidable account of the difficulties incident to the manufacture of a really good billiard-table and accessories. He observes that "the impenetrable wilds of Africa have to be searched to find the ivory" wherewith to make balls that will run true. If the requisite quality of ivory can only be obtained by searching impenetrable wilds, we should have thought that the initial difficulty attending the successful performance of this operation would prove insuperable. Surely no one but an Irishman would undertake to search for ivory or anything else in "impenetrable" wilds. The furniture suitable to a billiard-room must be bought from the manufacturers of the table and accessories. Where this has not been the case, our editor has been often struck "with a peculiar want of harmony." "Taste," he adds, "is a certain something which is quite indescribable." After this not altogether satisfying definition, he descends from the contemplation of the fitness of things to explain how a billiard-table and accessories may be kept in good condition.

The Champion then proceeds to give instructions how to play the game. In the early part of these instructions we come across the following sentence:—

> It has been a common subject of speculation why so much difference should be exhibited in the game of billiards between first-class professionals and first-class amateurs, a difference not so [sic] shown in almost all other games of skill, or at any rate not nearly to so great an extent.—P. 14.

This sentence led us to prepare for the worst. We fully expected to find the explanations of the various strokes confused and ill arranged. We were, however, agreeably disappointed; for although there are indications that the letterpress has not undergone careful revision either at the hands of Mr. Cook or his editor, we must in fairness allow that the practical explanations are clearly expressed, and well illustrated by a series of correctly-drawn diagrams and of facsimiles of photographs of the author in the act of striking the ball. Moreover, the general instructions both to beginners and to more advanced players are, we think, for the most part sensible, and to the point. The amateur is warned, as he has been many times warned before, against the almost universal tendency to put on side and screw when not required. May this warning produce more effect than its predecessors have done. Mr. Cook also utters a note of warning against the common practice of hitting the ball too high, and observes that he himself rarely strikes the ball above the middle. He is justly indignant with those who come to him to learn, "and all the time think secretly that they know best." "Perhaps," he adds with well-merited sarcasm, "when they read in print the same directions that I have so often told them in the billiard-room, they will think more of it, just as a child thinks far more of what the book says than what the man says who wrote the book" (p. 34). It is, we submit, hard upon children to represent them as enjoying, together with obstinate pupils, a monopoly of that really not uncommon species of folly which is of enormous advantage to the literary profession, and consists in thinking "a book's a book although there's nothing in 't." We do not, however, by any means wish to encourage Mr. Cook's obstinate pupils, and we hope they will duly take to heart the solemn remonstrance addressed to them. The only criticism we shall venture to offer with respect to the general instructions contained in his book, is to suggest a doubt as to whether he does not lay somewhat too great stress on the exact position to be observed in striking the ball, and the proper method of holding the cue. Some great players permit, and even encourage, considerable latitude in these respects, and we think Mr. Cook displays a little too much the temper of the drill-sergeant. He is, moreover, not always quite consistent. For instance, on p. 2 we read, "In taking your aim you should bring the point of the cue to nearly touch the centre of the ball, and then draw the cue backwards and forwards three times, striking the ball the third time"; and on p. 27, "Draw the cue backwards and forwards three or four times, the last time drawing it back rather further than before, then strike." Again, on p. 2 we read that the common fault with beginners is to put down their left hand too near the ball; while

* *Billiards.* By William Cook, Champion. Edited by A. G. Payne. London: Burroughes & Watts.

on p. 26 we are informed that they are apt to put their hand unduly far off, substituting a foot or more for 9½ inches—the proper distance. These discrepancies would seem to indicate an indisposition on the part of the author to revise what he has written—a feeling shared by many literary men. It will probably astonish many people to learn that Mr. Cook gives no directions whatever as to dividing the balls, except in the simple case of the half-ball, as he believes that any further directions would be practically useless. It is scarcely necessary to say that on this point he is entirely at variance with most of his predecessors, who have devoted a large portion of their treatises to this part of the subject, which is usually considered of great importance. He is, moreover, severe upon those persons who think the game can be taught on mathematical principles. He even objects to the statement that when a ball is hit against the cushion without any side, the angles of incidence and reflection are equal, on the ground that this statement is not mathematically accurate, inasmuch as those angles vary slightly with the elasticity of the cushion, the speed of the ball, and the amount of friction caused by the cloth. But in the following slipshod sentence he concedes to the mathematician as much probably as would be claimed :—"The only practical view," writes Mr. Cook, "to take of the angles of incidence and reflection being supposed to be equal is, that they are sufficiently nearly so that [*sic*] it forms a rough guide to players in calculating their strokes" (p. 19). The question of the application of mathematics to billiards is not settled, as our author appears to think, by the circumstance of his being willing to play any scientific gentleman who has calculated "the coefficient of dynamical friction" for a sovereign, and give him 30 in 100. Not content with being chief of the executive, Mr. Cook aspires to the position of legislator with regard to billiards. Having finished his practical instructions to beginners and others, he devotes a chapter to printing the Championship Rules, drawn up in 1870. The next chapter he devotes to an exposition of his own views of how those rules ought to be reformed, and in the following chapter he prints his New Code. The alterations are not in the majority of cases important, but by Rule 26 he proposes to introduce a startling innovation. By this rule it is laid down that, whenever a striker or an opponent obstructs or hastens the speed of any ball or balls, the opponent or striker (instead of, as at present, being given only the option of having the balls replaced or broken) may have the ball or balls placed where he thinks they would have run; and the striker, if he is the aggrieved person, may in addition claim any stroke (p. 116). We should certainly have thought that, in a match where there was an umpire or referee, the umpire or referee would be the proper person to decide the very delicate question of where the balls would have run, and not the aggrieved player.

Mr. Cook also prints revised rules of pyramids and pool, and gives many useful hints to those who desire to become proficients in either game, where proficiency is so profitable. As regards pool, he dips slightly into the much-abused science of mathematics, with the view of showing the circumstances in which it is desirable to star. His remarks on this head are, however, confined to a very simple case, and do not possess any great value. Skittle pool, and other minor games are noticed; and Mr. Cook then gives his readers an interesting and instructive chapter on "Trick Shots, Fancy Shots, and Catch Bets." The part of the book for which the Champion is responsible ends with a short chapter on how to train for a billiard-match. Early rising, it seems, is not an essential part of the daily programme. Mr. Cook allows himself considerable latitude in this particular. He gets up "about 9 or 10 o'clock," and breakfasts at 11. He then plays racquets at Lord's, and usually walks for about two hours in the course of the day. He dines at 6, plays a thousand-up by gaslight, takes an hour's practice on the spot, and goes to bed at midnight. On the day of the match, if it begins at 8, he dines at 4, takes an hour's practice, but no other exercise, and carefully avoids all unaccustomed exercise shortly before a match, as tending to make the muscles stiff.

Thus far Mr. Cook; the remaining 136 pages are devoted to a History of Billiards from 1861 to 1882, compiled by the editor, partly from his own articles in *Land and Water*, and partly from the columns of the *Sportsman* and of a weekly journal of which the name is not disclosed. These cuttings, giving an account of the principal matches, are pieced together by a chronological summary of the less important events. From the formidable array of figures cited some interesting statistics may be picked out, showing the marvellous progress of the game as evinced by the great and increasing superiority of the younger players over those of the previous generation. In conclusion, we would ask the reader to take our word for it, that although Mr. Cook does not always come out grammatically victorious in the struggle to express his views as to the application of mathematics to billiards, he is nevertheless quite capable of giving a clear and accurate exposition of the practical aspect of the game. The book furnishes a striking example of the truth of Horace's remark:—

> Cui lecta potenter erit res
> Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo;

and we believe it will rank as a standard work on the interesting subject of which it treats.

NORHAM CASTLE.*

IT would not be easy to name a nobler subject for a monograph than that grand monument of episcopal magnificence and princely power, the "Queen of Border fortresses," long the "Castle Dangerous" of the Scotch marches, still so stately in its ruins, the Castle of Norham-on-Tweed, the eventful annals of which it is the object of Mr. Jerningham to trace in the attractive-looking turquoise-blue clad volume now before us, intended, the author tells us, to furnish "a portable compendium in a readable form of the more bulky and exhaustive works devoted to the stronghold and the adjacent district." Founded by the Red King's bold and unscrupulous Minister, Ralph le Flambard, as the "Northern home" of the see, restored and partly rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, raised to almost regal splendour by the magnificent Antony Bek, "the maist prowd and masterful Busshop in all England"—King, Patriarch, Bishop, and Palatine all in one—strengthened by Wolsey's early patron the wise and politic Bishop Fox, the negotiator of the marriage between James IV. of Scotland and the Princess Margaret, who made Durham one of the steps of his ladder of episcopal preferments which, beginning at Exeter and mounting by Bath and Wells, ended at Winchester—its last episcopal occupant was the saintly and deservedly revered Cuthbert Tunstall, whose ill fate it was to fall on troublous days of religious change ill suited to his gentle and peace-loving spirit. Not even the proud height of Durham itself, with the vast mass of the cathedral and castle frowning down upon the swiftly-flowing Wear, is more completely identified than Norham with the grandest memories of the historic see of St. Cuthbert, whose banner again and again went forth from its walls, at the head of the forces of "the bishoprick" and was never tarnished by defeat, and of the long line of spiritual princes who, in strange contrast with the meek ascetic of Lindisfarne, ruled the Palatinate. Nor is its place in civil history less conspicuous. The object of never-ceasing disputes between the English and Scottish kings, now in the hands of one power now of the other, repeatedly visited by the ubiquitous John, who in 1211 here received the homage of Alexander, the son of William the Lion, who had himself knelt before John as his feudal lord ten years before at Lincoln; besieged in 1215 by the same Alexander for forty days, with the ill success which usually attended the attempts on its massy walls; the scene of the meeting four years later, 1219, between Alexander and Pandulf, the Papal legate, to settle disputes between the two kingdoms; the head-quarters of Edward I., the "Malleus Scotorum," in his Scottish campaigns, who here with a large following of Northern barons, in 1291, as "overlord" of the kingdom, in the church still standing, heard, weighed, and decided on the rival claims of Baliol and Bruce to the Scottish Crown; Baliol, it is said, owing the preference, so disastrous to the peace of Scotland, to the influence of the all-powerful Bishop Antony Bek, who, in 1296, brought a force of 1,000 foot and 500 horse and 140 knights to his sovereign's aid, heading it himself in full armour—no place played a more distinguished part in all the stormy scenes of Border warfare. The Castle was long fruitlessly besieged by the forces of Robert the Bruce, and was at last taken by storm as the crowning exploit of the Border campaign, which ended in the recognition of Scotland as an independent sovereignty, and of Bruce as its king, by the treaty of Northampton. It was more than once attacked by James IV. of Scotland. The first time was when, in 1497, he crossed the Border with his forces

> To back the cause of that mock prince,
> Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,

and appeared before it in person, but after a fortnight's sharp assault was forced to retire. Two years later a trifling affray beneath the walls of the Castle between some Scotch marauders and the keepers of the fortress led to wearisome negotiations between the two monarchs, which issued in the marriage of Henry VII.'s daughter to James IV., and thus eventually brought about the union of the Crowns. Once again, shortly before the disastrous battle of Flodden, James besieged Norham, which, though not without suspicion of treachery, was surrendered to him and very roughly handled. This is the epoch at which the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott has clothed

> Norham's castled steep
> And Tweed's fair river broad and deep

with a not altogether fictitious romance in Lord Marmion's supposed visit to its Castellan, the husband of the Lady Heron, who, while "hostage for her lord" at his Court, had by her "witching eye" gained a fatal sway over the Scotch monarch's impressible heart, causing him to waste in "amorous dalliance" the precious hours when a gleam of success had shone upon his arms, and

> First they heard King James had won
> Etall and Wark and Ford; and then
> That Norham Castle strong was ta'en;

and then

> That while his host inactive lay,
> And melted by degrees away,
> King James was dallying off the day
> With Heron's wily dame.

The spell of the enchanter is too potent to allow us to inquire whether "Sir Hugh Heron's" true name was not William, and whether, at the time of Lord Marmion's visit to Norham, he was not a prisoner in Scotland, while his lady was living in his own

* *Norham Castle*. By Hubert E. H. Jerningham, M.P. Edinburgh: William Paterson.

castle at Ford. Whether his details are strictly accurate or not, Scott in a few lines has given Norham Castle a more vivid reality, and enabled us more fully to realize the kind of place it was and the life that was lived in it, as well as many of the chief events with which its stern grey towers have been illustrated, than Mr. Jerningham has done in the two hundred and seventy pages of the volume before us, to which we must now direct our readers' attention.

We wish we could say that the book was worthy of its surpassingly attractive subject. Unfortunately, the perusal of a very few pages is sufficient to prove that Mr. Jerningham is unequal to his self-imposed task. To write an historical work, it is certainly desirable that the author should have some rudimentary knowledge of history; enough, at least, to save him from blunders as to elementary facts which would disgrace a child of the higher standards of our elementary schools. And this is more than we can say for Mr. Jerningham. And yet it is as an historical work that Mr. Jerningham desires his monograph to be regarded. In his preface he calls attention to "its strictly historical character," and emphasizes "the especial care he has taken not to prejudice the work by inaccuracies"—"so far, at least," he somewhat *naïvely* adds, "as lay in my power." To show the pains he has taken to secure accuracy, he appends a list of the "authors and authorities consulted in the course of the work." It is a strangely heterogeneous assortment, in which "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation. By Ven. Bede" (*sic*) ranks next to "Froissart's Chronicles," and "Camden's Brittania" (*sic*) is followed by "Select Charters and Constitutional History"—apparently one and the same work—"by Stubbs"; while "Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary," which he elsewhere introduces to his readers as "a most elaborate and interesting work," stands side by side with such recondite works as the "Border Magazine," "Collins's Peerage," and "Dibdin's Antiquarian Tour." The list of "Histories of England" consulted, besides those of Lingard, Hume and Smollett (*sic*), and Froude, contains one by a certain "Valentine Green," which puzzles us not a little. There certainly was an engraver of that name, who somewhere about the end of the last century published a "History of Worcester." But we never heard of his literary ambition going beyond the limits of his native city. A History of England from his pen is new to us, and we think to the world of letters also. Is it possible, we are inclined to ask, that our lamented friend John Richard Green lurks behind this pseudonym? Mr. Jerningham's power of blundering renders such a confusion by no means impossible. The *History of the English People* is certainly often quoted.

Instead of all this parade of research, far exceeding his power of digestion, it might have been as well if the author had read with attention any cheap Compendium of English History that he might find in the schools at his own door. Any one of these would have taught him that Adela, Stephen's mother, was the daughter, not as he states the sister, of William the Conqueror; that the Empress Maud was also the daughter, not the niece, of Henry I., and that Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany, was the younger, not the elder, brother of Richard Cœur de Lion; and, to omit other blunders hardly less gross, would have shown him that Henry I.'s nephew, William Earl of Flanders, son of Robert Curthose, having died seven years before his uncle, could hardly have been the next heir to the throne on his decease. As an example of the hopeless muddle Mr. Jerningham makes of his history and his want of comprehension of the best known facts, let our readers take the following passage:—

> In 1135 King Henry died. He never recovered the loss of his beloved William in the wreck of the *White Skiff* [why, we may ask in passing, this affected spelling? *White Ship* is surely the English of "la Blanche Nef"]. He never smiled from the hour that, on hearing the news which deprived him of all that he loved, and of an heir on whom he had placed all his hopes, he had fallen unconscious to the ground.
>
> His nephew William, son of his brother Robert, was his heir, but Henry hated him.
>
> His *niece* Maud, widow of the Emperor Henry the Fifth of Germany, was a favourite.

One would suppose from this that Maud was one of many nieces, the special object of her uncle's affection:—

> And despite the seeming strangeness of seeing a woman succeed, Henry recognized her as his heir, and married her to the Count of Anjou.
>
> On the other hand, Stephen, son of the Conqueror's *sister* Adela, married to the Count de Blois, was also a claimant to the throne on the demise of his cousin William, which *happened the same year as King Henry's death.*

After quoting without acknowledgment Mr. Green's account of Stephen's uproarious welcome by the citizens of London, and their oath to "defend him with money and blood," while omitting the somewhat essential fact of London having claimed the right of electing the sovereign, Mr. Jerningham proceeds:—

> Thus the claim of Maud was set aside, but Geoffrey of Anjou was not likely to allow this without a struggle. The late King had recognized Maud as his heir; his Council at his suggestion had ratified the choice; Stephen had an elder brother, and the people of London were not the people of England; so reasoned Geoffrey.
>
> Here was ground for dispute, and no wonder that for twenty years England became the scene of anarchy and misrule.

It may be asked what has this precious piece of history to do with Norham? But on reading on we shall find that its purpose is to introduce the first siege sustained by the Castle after its erection by Ralph the Firebrand—perversely called "*De* Flambard" by Mr. Jerningham (p. 56), as if "Flambard" were a place-name—by King David of Scotland, who, "having warmly embraced the cause of Geoffrey Plantagenet, practically evinced his sympathy with Matilda and dislike for Stephen in the invasion of Northumberland," and attacking its strongholds. Wark resisted successfully, but Norham capitulated, and was held by David till his defeat at the Battle of the Standard compelled him to restore it to its episcopal master. Mr. Jerningham omits to mention the cause of David's efforts in behalf of Maud, for whose name he so strangely substitutes that of her husband Geoffrey. Does he need to be told that David was her mother's brother, who might naturally be expected to exhibit some "sympathy" for a niece deprived of her inheritance, and "dislike" for the usurper who was keeping her out of it? For anything that appears in Mr. Jerningham's narrative, David was simply swayed by personal likes and dislikes, and might just as reasonably have espoused Stephen's side as Matilda's.

We have given a specimen of Mr. Jerningham's mode of dealing with civil history; let us now try him on the side of religious history. Here he is equally at fault. Disregarding Horace's condemnation of the poet who

> Bellum gemino Trojanum orditur ab ovo,

he begins his history of the Castle of Norham with the landing in Iona of St. Columba—"the giant-sized Columba," as he calls him, through a mistaken deduction from the "lofty stature"—"alta proceritas quæ vertice nubes tangere videbatur"—in Adamnan's story of Oswald's vision. The "nota major imago," as Dr. Reeve reminds us, was "of old an acknowledged property of the shades." The connexion between St. Columba and Norham Castle is not self-evident. It requires a little thought to trace it. Here it is. Norham Castle was built by Bishop Flambard of Durham. It had long been part of St. Cuthbert's patrimony. The first church there had been built by a Bishop of Lindisfarne. Two hundred years before St. Aidan had become the first bishop of that see. Aidan was a monk of Iona; Columba its first abbot. And so the chain is fitted together. But, if it had been desirable for Mr. Jerningham to go so far back in his history and trace the "origines" of Norham up to their founder's head, it would have been as well if he had been more accurate in his facts. His romantic tale of the arrival of St. Aidan at Iona, prophetically announced to St. Columba, is utterly baseless. We give some sentences as a specimen of our author's grand style:—

> The welcomed stranger was a young man of comely face and gentle manner, between eighteen and twenty-two in age.
>
> His bright blue eyes spoke as to his gentleness, while his tall, graceful figure bore visible testimony to the nobility of his birth.
>
> Making his way to the little cell on the eminence outside of which sat the *giant-sized* Columba, he knelt before him, asked for his blessing, and the favour of being admitted among his disciples.
>
> Aidan, or Ædhan was his name, and in him Columba saluted the first apostle of Northumbria, the future founder of Melrose and of Lindisfarne.

Will it be believed that there is not a word of all this in Adamnan or Bede, and that nothing whatever is known of St. Aidan's early history? The whole story, when not, like the famous camel, developed from Mr. Jerningham's inner consciousness, is based on a mistaken identity. Adamnan, it is true, does record the advent of a "molestus hospes," who would force the brothers to break their Wednesday's fast, being revealed to Columba, and that the name of the unwelcome guest was Aidan. But, though "vir valde religiosus," he was an altogether different person from the Northumbrian apostle, requiring two folio columns of Colman's *Trias Thaumaturga* to identify him among the twenty-three Aidans in the Irish Calendar. The storm which gives Mr. Jerningham an opportunity of launching out into a grand description of "mountainous waves," "giant waters," as the tempest "develops in intensity," is also borrowed from the story of the arrival of St. Cainneth, similarly predicted by St. Columba, and has nothing whatever to do with this or any other Aidan. The reception of Oswald, the future sainted king of Northumbria, when "a little boy of great promise," at Iona, and his being "placed for instruction under the special charge of the gentle Aidan," with a number of petty details of "early friendship" and "boyish dreams," is an equally bold fiction. It is true that when his father Ethelfrith lost his kingdom and his life, Oswald, with his brothers, took refuge across the Scottish border, and that he received baptism at the hands of the disciples of St. Columba. But there is not a tittle of evidence that Oswald ever set foot in Iona, while it is beyond question that Aidan was personally a stranger to the young King when, at his request, he was sent by the brethren of Iona to take the place of the crabbed Corman—not Cor*n*an, as Mr. Jerningham spells the name, for which the more than doubtful authority of Hector Boethius is the only warrant—to evangelize his pagan Northumbrians. Even if Mr. Jerningham were writing an historical romance, it would be well to make sure of his facts before he set about dressing them up in a picturesque narrative. But the emphasis he lays on the "historical character" of his book, and on his care to avoid inaccuracies, renders the mistakes that meet us on almost every page the less intelligible, and, we may add, the less excusable. To mention one or two of the more marked blunders we have noticed in the earlier pages of the work—to catalogue the whole would be a herculean task—the bishop who built the first stone church at Norham, which he so oddly tells us caused "a great commotion in that pretty village," at that time certainly non-existent, was not Egfrid, but Egred; while the pious King Ceolwulf, whose body "it was whispered everywhere was to be translated to the new church," had certainly never been "a bishop of Lindisfarne," but simply, after resigning his crown, a monk of the house. It is novel geography to make Deira—the modern Yorkshire—comprise "the

actual Northumberland," while Bernicia is restricted to "the country between the Tweed and the Forth"; and with a vivid recollection of Wilfrid's missionary adventures among the pagans of Sussex and the Isle of Wight, and the itinerant preaching of St. Chad among the heathen of Mercia, it is somewhat startling to be told that the provinces just named "were the last portions of the British Isles to receive the teaching of Christianity." It is only once that Mr. Jerningham ventures to touch etymology. The single instance is enough. In happy ignorance of the force of the genitival *an* so frequent in Anglo-Saxon place-names—*e.g.* Bathan-ceaster, Cissan-ceaster, Aebban-dun (Abingdon), Huntan-dun, and the like—he dogmatically pronounces the old name of Norham, Ubban-ford=Ubbas ford, "to be a mistake," and that the true form of the word is "Ufan-ford," "the high ford or the ford above," and this chiefly because in Boswell's "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary"—that "elaborate and interesting work"—he cannot find a single word "beginning by *ub*." The name Ubbanford is of course an interesting Danish relic, answering to Hubbasthorp, Hubberholm, and Hubberston in other parts of England. When we have mentioned that the "Welsh marches" are turned into the "Welsh marshes," among which King John is said to have contracted a fever, and that we are treated to such forms as "Pictaria or Poicteu," "Sirousby" for Scrooby, Archbishop "Turstin," and Bishop "Ruttall," while Bishop Tunstall is innocently styled the "last *Catholic* bishop of Durham," the leading representative of "a clergy *doomed to disappear* for good or for evil within the next few years," our readers will know how far Mr. Jerningham can be trusted as an historical guide.

The architectural description of Norham Castle, one of the noblest remains of the noblest period of castle-building in England, having been borrowed, with his permission, from a paper by Mr. G. T. Clark (Mr. Jerningham cannot even copy this gentleman's initials correctly. He stands in his pages as Mr. J. G. Clark), in the *Journal of the Archæological Institute*, we need hardly say that this part of the book leaves nothing to be desired. It is as masterly and as vivid as that gentleman's descriptions always are. The chapter embodying Mr. Clark's remarks may be safely recommended as the best worth reading in the whole volume. Mr. Jerningham, however, should not have talked of "barbacans," or have translated the name of Bishop Pudsey's architect "Robertus Ingeniator," by Robert "the Ingenious."

We have said enough to show that Mr. Jerningham, in undertaking an historical work, has mistaken his vocation, and that any one adopting his book as an authority is more likely to be led wrong than right. It would be unfair, however, to a gentleman who has evidently taken great pains to get up his subject, and who writes with the enthusiasm of one who has a hearty affection for that which he is writing about, not to say that his book affords in a moderate compass a fairly readable account of the history of the fortress and of the stirring events which have been enacted at or near its walls. Those who care more for broad general effects than for historic truth and circumstantial accuracy may, *faute de mieux*, take it as their travelling companion when next they visit the Tweed and the Border, with the hope that they will not find it otherwise than interesting, especially when read among the very scenes of which it treats.

HAY FEVER.*

AT this season of the year the above-named disease is a subject of painful interest to the not inconsiderable number of persons who are liable to its attacks; and to all such Dr. Morell Mackenzie's lecture and Dr. Moore's pamphlet will be full of interest. The name "summer catarrh" is perhaps preferable to the more commonly used "hay fever" and "hay asthma," as the pollen which is the cause of the disease may be derived from other sources than the flowering grasses, and neither elevated temperature nor asthma *necessarily* accompany the attack. Mackenzie gives Bostock the credit of having first described this affection in 1819, whilst Moore says that Heberden mentions it in a Latin treatise published in 1802. Though the cause of summer catarrh was not recognized until the beginning of the present century, the disease had probably been in existence long before. Various irritants—such as cold air, the poison of measles, sulphurous acid, ipecacuanha—may cause similar symptoms to those produced by the application of pollen to the mucous membranes, yet none of the former are likely to be applied with the persistence of the latter, with which the atmosphere is loaded at this period of the year. Hence the following definition of the disease by Dr. Mackenzie may be considered correct—namely, "a peculiar affection of the mucous membrane of the nose, eyes, and air passages, giving rise to catarrh and asthma, almost invariably caused by the action of the pollen of grasses and flowers, and therefore prevalent only when they are in bloom."

Patients of nervous temperament are most obnoxious to this disease, and consequently it is not surprising that it is more common among persons of the upper and middle classes who work with their brains than among those who gain their living by manual labour. It is, however, curious that women, in spite of their sensitive nervous organization, are much less subject to it than men. As in all neurotic affections heredity plays an important part.

The symptoms of summer catarrh are like those of a violent cold in the head, but, unlike those symptoms, do not pass away in a day or two, but recur day after day during the spring and early summer months. The heavy, swollen, and watering eyes; the streaming nose rapidly becoming red and sore round the orifices of the nostrils; the paroxysms of sneezing; the dull headache; the harsh dry skin; the distaste for work or play; the irritability of temper and disgust with the world in general, present a mental picture of a condition with which we are only too familiar in our own persons or those of our friends. In those subject to asthma, their distress is terribly aggravated by the addition of difficulty of breathing to the foregoing symptoms. Drs. Mackenzie and Moore both point out that nettle-rash is frequently associated with summer catarrh; this fact, as well as the frequent occurrence of asthma, is evidence of the neurotic constitution of the sufferers from this disease. No danger to life is to be apprehended as the result of attacks of this affection, nor is there much risk of structural injury unless the asthma occurring with it is very prolonged and severe, when pulmonary emphysema would be likely to be produced. May and June are the months during which summer catarrh is most prevalent; these months being the flowering season of most of the grasses; but its intensity varies with the amount of pollen in the atmosphere, and this changes greatly under different conditions of temperature, moisture, force of wind, &c. As the disease is caused by the access of pollen-laden air to the ocular and nasal mucous membranes, the first object of those endeavouring to escape an attack must be to prevent such access. Both our authors point out that this indication can be most successfully carried out by removal of the patient to a situation in which the atmosphere contains very little pollen, such as a small island, *e.g.* Sark in the Channel Islands, or a long sea voyage may be taken, or the same object may be less completely attained by residence at the seaside. For obvious reasons, this plan can only be carried out by a very small proportion of sufferers from summer catarrh. It remains to be considered how those who must live and work under constant exposure to the irritant can best protect themselves from it and mitigate its evil effects on their health.

Dr. Mackenzie recommends plugging the nostrils with cotton-wool and wearing spectacles with large frames fitting accurately round the orbit. If this plan be adopted, the plugs should be sufficiently loose to allow of respiration taking place through them, so that the mouth may be kept closed, and they are rendered more effectual by being moistened with carbolated oil. Dr. Blackley has invented a nasal respirator, which can be worn with comfort and is scarcely noticeable from a short distance. Dr. Mackenzie also suggests that a fine gauze veil should be worn, fastened round the hat and attached below to an iron ring resting on the shoulders. The irritability of the nervous system should be reduced to a minimum by great attention to the general health in such matters as diet, exercise in the open air, early hours, cold bathing, avoidance of over-fatigue, &c., and by the exhibition of nerve-tonics, as quinine, arsenic, and valerianate of zinc. Dr. Mackenzie relies more particularly on valerianate of zinc. When the disease is established, a combination of quinine, morphia, and camphor is the most powerful remedy for relief of the catarrhal symptoms. Where asthmatic attacks complicate the disease, inhalation of the fumes from burning nitre-paper, stramonium, datura tatula, or Himrod's Powder will often give great relief. It cannot, however, be too strongly impressed upon every sufferer from this distressing disease that he will best consult his own interest by seeking the advice of his medical attendant, who, from his knowledge of the patient's constitutional peculiarities, will be best able to judge of the plan of treatment most likely to prove serviceable.

* *Hay Fever.* By Morell Mackenzie, M.D. London: Churchill.
Summer Catarrh, or Hay Fever. By George Moore, M.D. London: Epps.

LITHUANIAN MYTHOLOGY.*

THIS is an excellent work in which a subject of great interest is treated in a thoroughly scientific manner. Dr. Veckenstedt, during the four years which he spent at Libau in Courland, where he was one of the Professors of the Nicolai Gymnasium, devoted his leisure time to collecting and studying the traditions still current among the Lithuanian inhabitants of the Government of Kovno. The result of his labour of love is the present rich collection of stories and statements, by the aid of which we are made acquainted with more than "a hundred forms of Samogitian mythology and Saga-world, which have hitherto been either utterly unknown to science, or of which little more was previously known than their names." It forms a worthy successor to the sound and exhaustive work which Dr. Veckenstedt published in 1880 on *Wendische Sagen*.

Lithuanian mythology was treated as early as the year 1615 by Lasicius, who said of the gods and demons mentioned in his work, *De Diis Samogitarum*, that their number was "almost as great as that of the divinities named by Hesiod," and it was elaborately dealt with in 1835 by Narbutt in his *Mitologia Litewska*; but as Schafarik said in 1839, these studies were only "fore-studies." Since then such writers as Schleicher, Nesselmann, Kurschat, Tettau, Temme, Langkusch, Bezzenberger, and many others, have done much to render popular the study of Lithuanian speech and mythology, and the recently founded *Litauische Litterarische Gesellschaft*, an excellent Society too little known in Western

* *Die Mythen, Sagen und Legenden der Žamaiten (Litauer).* Gesammelt und herausgegeben von Dr. Edm. Veckenstedt. 2 Bde. Heidelberg. 1883.

Europe, has thrown much light upon many dark portions of a long almost untrodden field of research. The late Wilhelm Mannhardt devoted several years to exploring that field, and he is said to have left behind him a valuable, but as yet unpublished, work upon Lithuanian mythology. It is to be trusted that it may soon see the light. Meantime we cannot be too thankful to Dr. Veckenstedt for the trustworthy work he has produced, which has certainly cost him much pains, and is said to have cost him his professorship. For the Russian Government, which had already forbidden the printing of Lithuanian texts in any but the Cyrillic character, has recently, it appears, set its face against any scientific study of the Lithuanian language.

About that language some linguists have indulged in rather wild conjectures. Certain persons, says Dr. Veckenstedt, have declared that any Lett could make himself understood in India; Lettish standing in the same relation to Lithuanian, to employ Schleicher's simile, as Italian to Latin. We have ourselves heard an erudite but erratic German philologist assert that, if Sanskrit had perished, it might have been reconstructed by means of Lithuanian; and the statement is often made that Lithuanian stands nearer to Sanskrit than any other European language, and is almost on a level with it in antiquity. On this point the opinion of Professor Leskien, the joint author with K. Brugmann of an excellent work on *Litauische Volkslieder und Märchen*, is worthy of being cited. It is to be found in the *Transactions of the Philological Society for* 1877. In a report on the group of tongues to which he proposes to give the name of "Baltic Languages," comprising Lithuanian, Lettish, and Old Prussian, he says:—"Lithuanian is intimately allied only to the Slavonic family, just as Zend is to Sanskrit, and is by no means of such thoroughgoing antiquity as a few arbitrarily chosen examples might easily make any one believe who has no special knowledge of the language." At the same time Professor Leskien lays due stress on the undoubted fact that it "is of primary importance in the comparative treatment of the Slavonic languages."

Old Prussian has long ago been silenced as a spoken tongue, and it has left behind it all but no literary remains. With Lettish Dr. Veckenstedt does not deal. The language to which he devotes himself is that of the Žamaiten, or Samogitians. Nesselmann, in his Lithuanian Dictionary, says that Žemaitis means *Ein Niederunger*, an inhabitant of Russian Lithuania, which lies lower than Prussian Lithuania. As far back as the year 1420, Witold, Grand Duke of Lithuania, in writing to the Emperor Sigismund, stated that the *terra Samaytarum* was called *Szomuth*, because that word in Lithuanian meant "lower land." But Dr. Veckenstedt says that, as a matter of fact, Samogitian is spoken over the whole of the Northern portion of Prussian Lithuania, as well as in Russian Lithuania. The material for his present book he has collected exclusively in the Russian province of Kovno. In obtaining it he has been assisted by several well-known scholars, and also by many unlettered natives. Among the persons who contributed stories were several schoolboys, for relying upon whom Dr. Veckenstedt has been most unreasonably taken to task in the *Neue Dörpt'sche Zeitung*. He remarks that the aid of schoolboys in similar circumstances has been acknowledged by such thoroughly scientific collectors as Bernhard Schmidt, Virgil Grohmann, Karl Bartsch, and Wilhelm Mannhardt. He might have added to this weighty list of names that of J. G. von Hahn, who says in the preface to his well-known collection of modern Greek tales, that he did not succeed in obtaining a single story till the happy idea occurred to him of offering a reward to a number of schoolboys, who were leaving Athens for their holidays, if they would collect tales for him while they were at home. The longest, and perhaps the most important, legend contained in Dr. Veckenstedt's book, called by him the *Stammsage* of the Žamaiten, he obtained from a peasant woman, whose mother had often heard it from the lips of her grandfather, a farmer who had lost the sight of his eyes during a fire, and who devoted his enforced leisure to recitation. The Saga in question occupies more than sixty pages of the book. It may be summarized as follows.

Ages ago men became so wicked that God determined to destroy all but a very few. The rare exceptions were for the most part preserved, along with pairs of all sorts of animals, in a golden palace on a mountain-top. A boy and girl, born of parents who were "neither good nor bad," had been previously carried off by an angel from their respective homes on the day of their birth, and were brought up in a crystal palace suspended in mid air, where they were tended by a mute female figure of gold. When they grew up, they married, and a girl was born to them. The destruction of the wicked having been effected by fire, the earth was thereby greatly smirched. So giants were sent to wash it clean. They used so much water that a deluge was produced, and the waters rose so high that the golden palace and its inmates were in danger of being submerged. But Aukstis, the Lithuanian Varuna, rescued them by means of a capacious nutshell, which the rising waters wafted up to the crystal palace in which the young couple and their girl resided. That child was left in pledge with the golden figure. The father and mother joined their fellow men and women in the nutshell, which drifted with the ebbing wave till it was stranded on the reappearing earth. The passengers landed and occupied the country from which the waves had receded. Meantime, the girl who had been left in the crystal palace grew up, and was conveyed to heaven, where she married Perkunas—originally the Lithuanian counterpart of the Vedic Parjanya, a rain-god, afterwards the Lithuanian Indra or Thor, the thunder-god. As she was of earthly descent she had been named Žamaite, *žemė* meaning earth (cf. Russ. *zemlyá*, Lat. *humus*), and the son she bore was called Dângis, apparently the sky, *dangis* being Lithuanian for heaven. After a time Žamaite was sent down from heaven to the golden palace on the mountain-top, where she was provided with a mortal husband. From their union sprang a family, which multiplied exceedingly. These descendants of Žamaite borrowed from her the name of Žamaiten, earth-born, Autochthones. Becoming troublesome, they were turned out of the golden palace by their ancestress, who ordered three angels to conduct them to their destined abode. This being done, Žamaite was at liberty to return to heaven, the spell which bound her to earth being broken. The wandering Žamaiten encountered numerous difficulties. They were at first starting as simple as Gothamites, but they gradually acquired experience. Most of the nations whose lands they traversed were hostile to them. But the Letts received them kindly, and eventually joined with them in their wanderings. For the Žamaiten continued their nomadic life, having been told to move on "half towards the evening and half towards the midnight," apparently in a north-westerly direction, until they should receive word to stop. After leaving the territory of the Prussians, by whom also they were hospitably received, the united wanderers passed through districts inhabited by all sorts of monsters, such as giants, dwarfs, centaurs, and Medusas. At last they came to a land near the sea, where Žamaite appeared to them in all her glory, carrying a banner on which was written "This is your land." There they settled, but the Letts went on a little further and occupied a district close to the sea. After a time the Žamaiten offended their ancestress, who sent her celestial spouse Perkunas to punish them. Many of them were thunder-smitten. The rest humbled themselves. Then Žamaite read the survivors a useful lesson, conducting them down through a mountain cleft into hell, where they saw how the wicked are punished, and afterwards leading them across a cobweb bridge and up a golden staircase into heaven, where they were shown the just enjoying themselves. For awhile they behaved well, and during this period they and the Letts, and their old friends the Prussians, united into one nation. After a time they fell away again, and were, in consequence of their bad behaviour, grievously tormented by the Plague and the Cholera and other female demons. At length Žamaite took pity upon them, and sent her divine son Dângis to rule over them. Then ensued the golden age of the Žamaiten. But at last he was recalled to heaven. Before he went there he led all his warriors into the interior of a mountain, which then closed in upon them. There they still sleep. Dângis lives in heaven with his father Perkunas and his mother Žamaite. But the day will come when he will obtain leave to go back to his people on earth. There he will reappear together with his divine parents. He will rouse from their long slumber his sleeping warriors, all enemies shall be swept away, and the Žamaite millennium will begin.

We have left but scanty space for the shorter tales that abound in Dr. Veckenstedt's volumes, which are provided, we are thankful to say, with an unusually excellent index. It must suffice to state that there are very many of these stories which we should be glad to quote, dealing as they do with some of the most interesting of the Lithuanian deities or demons. Many of these mythological beings will be now for the first time brought before the eyes of most readers. It is true that Perkunas, partly on account of his great similarity with the Russian thunder-god Perun, has long been vaguely known to comparative mythologists; Auszra or Ausca, the Dawn, has already been linked with the Vedic Ushas; Potrimpus, a supposed water-god, Krematis, a suggested patron of pigs, Bangputis, the ruler of the waves, and other divinities of old Lithuanian religion, have been already submitted to much critical investigation. But it may be assumed as certain that to the great majority of mankind the names are utterly unknown of such once honoured personages as Ugniedokas and Ugniegawas, the divine smiths, closely allied with the Saints Cosmas and Damian of Russian mythology, beings closely connected with the worship of fire, the word for which is in Lithuanian *ugnis*, differing but little from the Russian *ogon*, almost identical with the Vedic *agni*; or the spring and youth goddess Žiline, whose name is derived from *žalas*, green, in Russian зелену; or Beslea, the goddess of calamity, the spouse of the Devil; or a number of personifications of all that is most annoying, such as Maras, the Plague, whose name is derived from the root *mir*, to die, the Sanskrit *mṛi*, Liga or Disease, and Smertis, Death, who bears a name akin to the Russian *smert'*, the Latin *mors*, and the Sanskrit *mṛiti*. The name of Kolera, a "Woman in White" who traverses the land in a black car, attended by dusky forms, and followed by the wailings of widows and orphans, does not require explanation. It appears that, besides what he has printed in the present work, Dr. Veckenstedt is in possession of a rich store of information due to his persevering study of Lithuanian mythology. It is much to be hoped that he will soon make it public.

MISS SHIRREFF ON THE KINDERGARTEN.*

MISS SHIRREFF has long been known, among all those in any way interested in education in this country, as one of the most careful and skilful of thinkers and workers on this

* *The Kindergarten at Home.* By Emily A. E. Shirreff, President of the Froebel Society. London: Joseph Hughes. 1884.

subject. The subject itself has hitherto never been one of those which in England catch the general taste. Success is the rough and popular test of merit; and so many people achieve success without education, that a superstition which it will take some little time to eradicate has arisen that the two are independent of one another. It may be in one sense creditable to our country that such beliefs should exist. They at least show a certain self-confidence and readiness to meet new situations which are among the elements of success. But they happen to be untrue. We have attained success in spite, and not because, of the unorganized state of our education. Of special and technical education it is needless to speak. It is well known that a trained German has, in many walks of commerce, an undoubted superiority in England to a native Englishman; and this is due simply to the fact that the one is educated to his work and the other is not, and has not had even the opportunity of being trained. The word "Pædagogy," which is the only one by which one can shortly describe the science of education, has to English ears such an air of pedantry about it that one never uses it if one can find any other way of expressing the same idea. Yet it stands for a number of simple facts that ought to be familiar to all educated people. The nursery education which, in the case both of boys and girls, should precede any more advanced teaching whatever, and which, if rightly conducted, cannot fail to exercise a life-long influence for good upon the child, has been till lately altogether ignored in England. It is now still in general held in little esteem, and only among those specially interested in education is the subject ever seriously discussed. Miss Shirreff has been again lately, as for many years past, pressing the matter upon public attention; and there is no subject in the world more worthy of careful discussion.

The common idea, even in countries where education has been far more highly valued than in England, has been that in the earlier years of a child's life he or she may be best left alone. It is true that in these years the child is far better left alone than miseducated. Nature is often kind enough to supply the lack of teaching in cases where she cannot later on make good the results of bad teaching. But that even in the nursery instruction may be systematically given in such a way that it will bear useful fruit in after life, and at the same time put no hurtful strain on the child's mind; that he may be systematically taught without more mental effort on his part than he spends in his play, and with quite as much pleasure to himself; and that the earliest years of his life are now in nearly every case wasted as far as education goes—is what is at present generally unknown in England, and only partly understood in the countries where education is scientifically treated. As there is no chance that any step will be taken at present by the Government or any public body in furtherance of the *Kindergarten* scheme, Miss Shirreff has written a little book to show parents how the system can be carried out at home. Though *Kindergärten* exist in England, they are so few in number that at present the great majority of parents cannot possibly make any use of them. And until the public mind is more awakened on the subject there is no likelihood of their becoming more numerous. Still, although the complete training which cannot be got except at a public institution is out of the reach of most English children, much in the same direction can be done at home. It is to urge this fact on parents that Miss Shirreff has written her book. Froebel, as we need not remind our readers, understood education in the complete sense—as the art of training all the human faculties, of which some can be best trained in the earliest years of life, and in the training of all of which some steps may be taken very early. His work consisted in systematizing this training, and making it applicable to the very young, which practically means making it pleasant to them. This is done by various skilfully devised methods, in reading about which many people must reflect how much happier their childhood would have been if they had been so employed, instead of being left to themselves or to their nurses. That the child's earliest education should be its amusement, and that this amusement should lead up to and fall in with the work of later education, is the keynote of Froebel's system. What the child naturally does of its own accord, Froebel would so direct that the child should unconsciously, but with pleasure, so do that it lays the foundation of future and higher education. Not the least of these methods is the cultivation of the power of exact observation. It is now a trite saying that this power is as rare as the power of reasoning. But its rarity arises from the fact that, though infinite trouble is taken (much of it unsuccessfully) to teach people to reason, the faculty of observation is, in our present systems of education, pretty much left to take care of itself. Yet without accurate observation, which can only be taught to the young (though one may have a born aptitude for it, which dispenses with teaching), and which cannot be acquired in later life, half of our reasoning is false, and nearly all the artistic pleasure of life is lost. The whole subject of the *Kindergarten*, and its influence on future life and of its relations to the forms of education which follow it, is fully discussed by Miss Shirreff. The main lesson that may be learned from this valuable little book is that, if parents are in earnest about the education of their children, they need not wait till a *Kindergarten* is set up near them. They can make a *Kindergarten* at home.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THREE volumes (two of them of considerable size) which M. Alcan has published, and which are edited, the first by M. Charles Yriarte (1), the others by M. Espinas (2), contain the brief record and the not inconsiderable achievements of a rather remarkable life. Fernand Durand-Desormeaux, who was born in 1840 and who died three years ago, does not appear to have published anything in his lifetime. He was a very busy man, having been constantly employed in the judicial branch of the French legal profession, besides which he was latterly a member of the Conseil-Général of the Yonne and "directeur du personnel" in the Ministry of Justice. Also, he was a man who went a great deal into society, and (apparently) who gave considerable time to his own family; he married, for a Frenchman, rather young. He seems, however, to have been constantly occupied upon, and to have in considerable degree accomplished, a large, if rather amorphous, philosophical work, which now appears under the care of two of his friends. M. Yriarte's pamphlet (for it is little more) contains, besides a short notice, certain *Pensées* of a miscellaneous kind. The larger volumes for which M. Espinas is sponsor contain, the one a "Théorie de la connaissance," the other a "Théorie de l'action." Or, to speak with greater precision, they contain a large number of essays or studies on psychological points which are all carefully dated, with the time and place of composition, and which are frequently in direct connexion with each other. The book altogether is a curious one, and it shows how strong is the hold which philosophy of the ethical-literary type, the "philosophy" which had the name almost to itself in the eighteenth century, still has in France, while it has for the time, at any rate, almost disappeared out of England and Germany. In reading these volumes of M. Durand-Desormeaux one might, putting individual characteristics and degrees of merit aside, be reading Vauvenargues or Helvétius. Whether the philosophy of technical terms and pseudo-scientific arrangement has not had a long enough reign is a question not calling for decision or discussion here. But those who think so, and who like philosophical discussion of a not too arid kind, might do worse than turn over these three volumes. We have not observed in them signs of a very extraordinary originality of thought or felicity of expression. The writer seems to have been somewhat superficially acquainted with the literature and history of his subject, to have approximated, as thoughtful Frenchmen do frequently approximate, rather too nearly to the type of the eloquent and somewhat sentimental phrase-maker, and sometimes to have been the dupe of his and other people's phrases. His *Pensées* lack precision; his philosophical discussions directness and grasp. But he must have been what is vaguely called an interesting person, and his "remains" are in many ways interesting remains.

We do not know whether the advanced Republican party will discover that there is treason to the Republic in the fact of a book by the successor of the Comte de Chambord having attained its seventh edition. They are quite capable of it. Such, however, is the fact in respect to the Comte de Paris's well-known pamphlet on "Trades-Unions in England" (3).

A very elaborate treatise on the Income-tax might, perhaps, hardly be expected from a country where the Income-tax does not exist. M. Joseph Chailley has, however, composed such a treatise (4), which we do not pretend to criticize here in detail, but which appears to be a very careful discussion of the history as well as of the economics of the subject. M. Chailley may be said to be a partisan of the tax, and desirous of its introduction in France; but he does not blink the difficulties. We do not notice, indeed, that he gives full weight to the great argument for an Income-tax in more or less democratically governed countries—to wit, that it places the main burden of taxation on the shoulders of those who have least political power.

The late Jules Noriac did better work than *Paris tel qu'il est* (5), which, indeed, deserves only to be put to his credit, and not at all to his debit, inasmuch as it is a mere unrevised collection of newspaper tales and miscellanies. But, if it is not as good as *Le 101me* or *La bêtise humaine*, it is by no means unamusing to turn over. When the author describes his horror at certain remarks of a pretty lady he met in the train—remarks from which he falsely inferred that her husband was a resurrection-man or, at best, a professional embalmer—and when he remarks upon the extraordinary abundance of diamond rings which the heroes of novels up to quite recent dates appear to have possessed, he is, if not exceptionally brilliant, amusing enough in all conscience.

They do autocratic things even in these democratic days, and if some Minister would lay *main basse* upon all French books dealing with Germany, from those of the great M. Tissot downwards, he would do an act, arbitrary no doubt, but far from unpatriotic. It is difficult for any one who has a kindness for France and French literature to read this branch of the latter

(1) *Réflexions et pensées.* Par F. Durand-Desormeaux. Précédées d'une notice par Ch. Yriarte. Paris: Alcan.

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(5) *Paris tel qu'il est.* Par Jules Noriac. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

without disgust. Of the two authors before us (6), M. Amic is the Frenchman of many *bonnes fortunes*, respecting whom Thackeray once gave a salutary caution to foreigners; M. Narjoux (7), the Frenchman who waves the banner of *la revanche*. The latter's book has some quaint illustrations not without merit. Both volumes, as coming from a vanquished nation about its victors, are written in the worst possible taste, and with an absence of all sense of dignity.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WE have only one fault to find with Mrs. Pringle's book, and that is its absurd title. *Towards the Mountains of the Moon* (Blackwood & Sons) has a catchpenny look, and might well have been discarded for something shorter and simpler. It is a part of our modern rage for claptrap that a traveller nowadays is never content with putting "Travels in Balnibarbi" on his title-page as his grandfather would have done. Having paid her tribute to contemporary stupor, however, Mrs. Pringle is steadily sensible for the rest of her book. She accompanied her husband when he was sent from Scotland to Blantyre, the Free Kirk Mission station near the Shiré in Africa, to inquire into the rather remarkable doings of the gentleman in charge of that institution. These affairs, now forgotten, and we suppose remedied, are conspicuously absent from Mrs. Pringle's pages. She tells all about the journey by sea, river, and over hills up to Blantyre, and has plenty to say about the habits and customs of the natives and of the Portuguese at Mozambique and elsewhere. The missionary tone is pleasantly avoided, and instead of it we get a shrewd lay scepticism as to the efficacy of preaching and the three R's to civilize savages between to-day and to-morrow.

In his book on *Red Deer* (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Jefferies is more thoroughly master of his subject and of his means than he has been in most of his recent work. He does not try to be profound or mystic, or to interpret the soul of things, but keeps steadily to descriptions of beasts and of nature; in other words, he has come back to the right path, and is duly rewarded by complete success. The red deer of his book are the red deer of Exmoor. Mr. Jefferies talks pleasantly about their history, habits, speed, and beauty. Incidentally we learn a good deal about Exmoor and its human inhabitants; and it would be hard to say which of the three the author loves best or describes with the most obvious pleasure. The kind of sport followed in this part of Somersetshire is, to our mind, far more attractive to hear about than the stalking, and still more the driving, of the Highlands, which has a certain resemblance to assassination. In the West of England the red deer is hunted on horseback. Fair law is given, and the hunter has a respectable chance of breaking his own neck, or even of being gored when the stag is hunted or driven to death.

The *Outlines of Historic Ornament* (Chapman & Hall), translated from the German by Mr. G. R. Redgrave, is a species of catechism for the use of art students. It covers the whole field, beginning with the pottery and beads of the savage, and ending with the "baroque and rococo styles." One hundred and seventy octavo pages is a very limited space to deal with so large a subject in, and the book consists of what are strictly outlines; but the facts seem generally well stated, and the illustrations are both numerous and clear. Now and then we find what looks like an error of judgment—as when the author says that the Assyrians neglected beauty of form—and occasionally an inaccurate term is used. It is, for instance, rather slovenly to say that the Moors conquered Spain in the eighth century. It should have been the Arabs.

Mrs. Pitman's Life of Elizabeth Fry, contributed to the "Eminent Women Series" (Allen & Co), is a sound book on an interesting subject. It requires an effort of imagination to realize the fact that our prisons were in the infamous state described by Mrs. Fry and her biographer only sixty years ago. We could wish, however, that Mrs. Pitman and other writers on the same subject would recognize the fact that, if our modern prison discipline is more efficacious than the old, that is less because it is more humane than because it is more intelligently severe. Criminals hate the enforced cleanliness and order of a modern gaol far more than they did the slovenly old system.

Hints on Catalogue Titles and Index Entries (Sampson Low & Co.) is not a very enticing name for a book. Not the less Mr. Blackburn has contrived to turn out a very amusing volume on the subject. It is not exactly a book to read, but it is a book to dip into. The author shows how to catalogue, and also how not to do it, and illustrates both by amusing examples.

What are you to do with a writer who puts "What is Art?" on his title-page, and begins his first chapter as follows:—"What is Art? It is Worship. It is Religion. It is Poetry. It is Truth. It is the apotheosis of the," &c.? Manifestly we can only pray for his soul and deposit his volume on the shelf. This is the sad case of Mr. J. S. Little and his book (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

To learn shorthand is, according to Dickens, more difficult than to learn several languages. The student of this portentous mystery may find his way smoothed by Mr. R. E. Miller, who publishes a neat pamphlet called *Lessons in Shorthand on Gurney's System* (L. Upcott Gill).

A gentleman who proposes to correct Kant, and return to Dualism, can only be treated with time and elbow-room. The first object may be attainable and the second desirable, for aught we know; but we must content ourselves with noting the fact that "Scotus Novanticus" undertakes to show how to do them in his *Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta* (Williams & Norgate).

The volume of *Dialect Proverbs and Folklore* in "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock) is a book for the lazy person with a taste for confused reading to dip into, and which a dozen specialists combined might possibly criticize adequately.

Mr. H. S. Foxwell, M.A., has edited a collection of reprinted articles by the late Dr. Stanley Jevons. It appears from the preface by Mrs. Jevons that her husband had nearly finished revising these *Investigations in Currency and Finance* (Macmillan & Co.) before his death. They make a thick volume, full of useful information, political economy, and diagrams.

The *Selection from the Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), made by Mr. Browning, is republished in two neat volumes. We have also to notice a translation of Dr. Hermann Kolbe's *Short Text-Book of Inorganic Chemistry*, by Dr. F. S. Humpidge (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Thomas Satchell edits a pretty reprint, nicely bound, of *A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, made by L.[eonard] M.[ascall] in 1590* (Satchell & Co.; sold by Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) Mr. Sydney Lupton, M.A., publishes a text-book on *Numerical Tables and Constants in Elementary Science* (Macmillan & Co.) *The Illustrated Dictionary of Gardening* (L. Upcott Gill), now coming out in shilling and sixpenny numbers, is clear in language, and the drawings are capital.

(6) *Au pays de Gretchen*. Par H. Amic. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
(7) *En Allemagne*. Par F. Narjoux. Paris: Plon.

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